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ROMANTIC Movie Stories

Vol. VI

No. 26



Carole Lombard, every inch a princess! Fred MacMurray, every foot a hero! Be sure and read the fascinating complete fiction story of their new romantic picture, *The Princess Comes Across*. It's in this issue. See page 12.

NEXT MONTH

Many treats in store for you next month. Heading the list is the complete fiction story of Joan Crawford's new picture, *The Gorgeous Hussy*. She will be starred with Robert Taylor. Loretta Young's new picture with the same leading man was held up this issue. It is *Private Number*, and you can read it next month. Also, *Stage Struck* with Dick Powell and Joan Blondell, *Bullets and Ballots* with Edward G. Robinson and *Half Angel* with Frances Dee. That isn't all, but it's enough to give you the idea you can't afford to miss the July issue, on sale June 10.

New Films in Story Form

- THE PRINCESS COMES ACROSS**—Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray 12
Princess she claimed to be, but Olga couldn't say "no" to the handsome stranger whose nearness made her heart do a royal shimmy.
- UNDER TWO FLAGS**—Clodette Colbert, Ronald Colman, Victor McLaglen 16
A bottle of champagne against a kiss was the bet, and while the fate of armies hung in the balance two played at love on the desert.
- THE EX-MRS. BRADFORD**—William Powell, Jean Arthur 18
When a man's ex-wife won't stay divorced and comes back hugging his smoking jacket, there's only one thing to do—
- THE UNGUARDED HOUR**—Loretta Young, Franchot Tone 21
Do all great loves have an unguarded hour, when circumstances point a scornful finger to damn a man or woman as unfaithful?
- THE LAW IN HER HANDS**—Margaret Lindsay, Warren Hull, Glenda Farrell 24
Her profession or her sweetheart's arms! Mary had to choose between them and to choose one meant she would lose the other.
- THE GIRL FROM MANDALAY**—Conrad Nagel, Kay Linaker 28
It didn't bother Jeanie that she had been picked from love's bargain counter. John had married her. Nothing else mattered.

Star Photo

- JEAN ARTHUR'S PHOTO FOR YOU** - - - - - 5
Here's your opportunity to secure a picture of the beautiful girl who starred opposite Gary Cooper in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town."

Special Features

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- JEAN HARLOW (portrait)** - - - - - 11
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JEAN ARTHUR'S PHOTO FOR YOU

ISN'T she lovely? Indeed, Hollywood boasts few girls as beautiful and charming as Jean Arthur, co-star with Gary Cooper in Columbia's so successful picture, *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*.

By special arrangement we have made it possible for you to own an artistic eight-inch by ten-inch glossy photograph of this star. Simply state your request for a photograph, enclose ten cents in stamps or coins to cover cost of postage and handling, and send your letter to Jean Arthur Picture Editor, Romantic Movie Stories, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Be sure your address is legible and that coins or stamps are secure in the envelope. This offer closes June 15, 1936. Watch this magazine next month for an opportunity to get an exclusive photograph of another star.

Jean partly because of the enormous success of *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*, is one of the stars most eagerly sought by rival producers today. Soon you will see her newest picture, *The Ex-Mrs. Bradford*, in which she appears with William Powell. Columbia is planning to star her in a variety of important productions immediately—and thus, a talented actress who once was delegated to second leads in unimportant pictures, even custard pie comedies and *hang-bang* westerns, has become a sensational success because the part she played opposite Gary Cooper gave full opportunity to her ability.

Jean was a mere high school girl when the movies first beckoned. A talent scout saw her face in advertisements, Jean having posed for photographers and such artists as Howard Chandler Christy.

Small parts were hers, one after the other—some of them only one-reel features. The producers, she realized, did not believe she was developing fast enough. Finally, in despair of the parts given her, Jean quit the movies cold, came to New York and appeared in stage productions.

New York was wild about her and Hollywood decided they wanted her again. This time she signed a contract with Columbia, but the lightning that blasted her to stardom at the very top of the movie firmament didn't strike until she got her big chance opposite Gary Cooper in *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*.

They wondered why he passed them by, for *Her*...



She was so *Fragrantly dainty*

Hers is the lovelier way to avoid offending . . . She bathes with fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Soap!

So *alluring* . . . your fragrant daintiness when you bathe with this lovely scented soap!

And how completely safe you are from any fear of offending! For Cashmere Bouquet's rich, luxurious lather goes down into every pore . . . washes away so thoroughly every trace and cause of unpleasant body odor!

Then Cashmere Bouquet's subtle, costly perfume lingers glamorously . . . Hours after you've stepped from your bath, it still whispers lovely things about you.

You will want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion too. Its generous lather is so gentle

and caressing. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics; leaves your skin radiantly clear, alluringly smooth.

Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10¢! The same long-lasting soap which for generations has been 25¢. The same size cake; scented with the same delicate blend of 17 rare perfumes. Cashmere Bouquet is sold at all drug, department and 10¢ stores.

NOW ONLY 10¢ the former 25¢ size



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THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION ROMANTIC MOVIE STORIES

**NO
PICTURE!**

GOSSIP GLIMPSSES



More than two hundred Hollywood élite attended the Tone's reception for Leopold Stokowski, conductor of the Philadelphia Philharmonic. Left to right are James Stewart, Franchot Tone, Joan Crawford, Stokowski and Henry Fonda



WE D LIKE to take some person who had just taken a harsh, over-acting cathartic... and turn on the X-ray camera. We'd like to show you just what happens within you when you take so drastic a purge.

If you could see a picture like that, you wouldn't be likely to take such medicine again. You'd be super-careful to take only a laxative that is *correctly timed*. A laxative like Ex-Lax.

WHY HARSH CATHARTICS ARE BAD FOR YOU

When you take a cathartic that over-acts, it throws your entire system out of rhythm. It hurries unassimilated food through your body, causing violent muscular action in your alimentary tract. You have pains and griping. You feel weak afterwards... all worn out!

Authorities agree that strong purgatives and cathartics should never be taken except upon the advice of a physician.

WHY CORRECT TIMING IS VITAL

Now, what happens when you take a *correctly timed* laxative like Ex-Lax?

Well, except for the relief you get, you hardly know you've even had a laxative. You take a little Ex-Lax tablet, preferably at night. It tastes just like delicious chocolate. It works easily and gently, taking 6 to 8 hours to be effective! No stomach pains! No distress or nausea! No unpleasant after-taste.

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For over 30 years, Ex-Lax has been the approved family laxative. *More people use it than any other laxative in the world.* You can count on it for mildness, effectiveness and correct timing. A box costs only 10c at any drug store. Or 25c for the economical, family size.

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Address

City State Age

(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)

THE Ho-Hum Department: And now comes "the amber blonde" in the person of Alice Faye. It all happened when the studio decided to change the color of Alice's hair in her latest picture, and had a wig made for her. Alice became so intrigued with the effect she decided to have her own hair dyed the same color.

WHEN Norma Shearer met Gladys Swarthout at a party recently for the first time, her greeting was: "I'm so glad to meet you, but I feel that I owe you an apology."

"What on earth for?" replied the gracious Gladys.

"For copying your hair-dress for my rôle as *Juliet*," was Norma's unexpected reply.

AND over on the 20th Century-Fox lot, Gloria Stuart has gone too, too grand. The studio recently had her installed in a brand new dressing room, beautifully and painstakingly decorated. But Gloria, it was learned, refused to occupy the room, saying she didn't feel at home there.

So a bevy of workmen are doing over the place to suit madame

IT'S a real romance, they tell me, between Anita Louise and Ross Alexander. Although Anita insists she isn't interested in anyone, Ross makes no secret of his feelings in the matter. He even went so far as to accompany Anita to a harp recital the other evening, of all things, just because Anita happens to like angel music.

AFTER weeks of argument with Paramount officials Marlene Dietrich finally received permission to leave Hollywood and *I Loved a Soldier* to keep her date with Alexander Koeda in England. The one thing that has Marlene upset, however, is her summer wardrobe. Travis Banton, Paramount



Snapped on the set of *San Francisco*, Spencer Tracy and Clark Gable have a cup of tea after experiencing the earthquake which is part of the new picture

News-views of Hollywood Notables Not On Parade

designer, who has created her personal wardrobe, has been too busy to whip up the star's new gowns before she leaves. So Marlene will stop in Paris to make the necessary purchases there.

It is said Paramount is out thousands of dollars because Marlene walked out on *I Loved a Soldier* after production started—and we are out the fiction story, which we had planned for this issue.

THERE'S a choice morsel about a popular star who simply can't give her best to the screen unless she feels her leading man is really overpowered by her feminine charms. However, the knowledge seems to have gotten around among the more prominent screen heroes, and her past two leading men, deliberately failed to respond in the usual manner. So-o-o, the new young star who played with her in her last opus was advised to give her the business. He did, and she was very happy. The picture in the making was a howling success.



"You've got me in the palm of your hand-like bars," Warren Hull tells Alma Lloyd. Currently they are appearing in *Big Business* for Warner Bros.

JOAN CRAWFORD is as excited as a kid over the costumes in her very first period picture, *Parvati*. It's the story of an Irish lass named Katie, Joan is to portray, and she's simply agog at being able to exchange her ultra-modern clothes for the raiment of an Irish Colleen.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN is proud as punch these days over her new car and her very first driver's license. Maureen, it seems, has never had to drive her own car and what's more, wasn't even interested. But now it's a different story. She's experiencing the biggest thrill

DO BRUNETTES LOOK OLDER THAN BLONDES



**THE ANSWER IS THAT 7 OUT OF 10 BRUNETTES
USE THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER!**

BY *Lady Esther*

If there's one thing women fool themselves about, it's face powder shades.

Many women select face powder tints on the wrong basis altogether. They try to get a face powder that simply matches their type instead of one that enhances or flatters it.

Any actress will tell you that certain stage lights can make you look older or younger. The same holds true for face powder shades. One shade can make you look ten to twenty years older while another can make you look years younger.

It's a common saying that brunettes look older than blondes. There is no truth in it. The reason for the statement is that many brunettes make a mistake in the shade of the face powder they use. They simply choose a brunette face powder shade of one that merely matches their type instead of one that goes with the tone of their skin. A girl may be a brunette and still have an olive or white skin.

One of Five Shades is the Right Shade!

Colorists will tell you that the idea of numberless shades of face powder is all wrong. They will tell you that only five shades are necessary and that one of these shades will flatter your tone of skin.

I have proved this principle. I know that five shades will suffice. Therefore, I make Lady Esther Face Powder in only five shades. One of these five shades, I know, will prove just the right shade for you. It will prove your most becoming and flattering.

I want you to find out if you are using the

right shade of face powder for your skin. I want you to find out if the shade you are using is making you look older or younger.

One Way to Tell!

There is only one way to find out and this is to try all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder—and that is what I want you to do at my expense.

One of these shades, you will find, will instantly prove the right shade for you. One will immediately make you look years younger. You won't have to be told that. Your mirror will cry it aloud to you.

Write today for all the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder that I offer free of charge and obligation. Make the shade test before your mirror. Notice how instantly the right shade tells itself. Mark, too, how soft and smooth my face powder is; also, how long it clings.

Mail Coupon

One test will reveal that Lady Esther Face Powder is a unique face powder, unparalleled by anything in face powders you have ever known.

Mail the coupon or a letter today for the free supply of all five shades that I offer. I will also send you a 7-days' supply of my Four-Purpose Face Cream.

(You can prove that on your powder.) 250 Lady Esther, 2033 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill. Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a 7-days' supply of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.		FREE
Name _____		
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You've never seen a polish so rich in lustre... so long and perfect in wear. Chipping and peeling are gone—and forgotten woes. Glazo's exclusive, fashion-approved shades retain their full beauty for several extra days.

Streaking becomes a lost word, for new Glazo floats onto every finger with perfect evenness of color. Evaporation has been so amazingly reduced that the polish is usable down to the last drop.

For even a day, don't deny your fingertips the luxury of this new Glazo. Just 20 cents.



GOSSIP GLIMPSSES

of her life on being able to pilot her own car around town. In fact, she can hardly wait to get up in the morning so she can go for a spin.

IT'S a far cry from dancing on the back of a bull to instructing the current *Juliet* in her ballroom dancing. But that's what happened to Agnes DeMille, niece of the famous C. B. DeMille. The last time she came to Hollywood, she left in a huff because her famous uncle insisted she dance atop a gilded bull. But she's back again, engaged in the more pleasant task of instructing Norma Shearer to trip the light fantastic.

AND the rumors are still going 'round and 'round about Joan Blondell and Dick Powell. Joan has recently moved out to Toluca Lake, just around the corner from Dick's home. She is also sporting a new car, the same make as Dick's. So there's no telling what may happen when her divorce is final, come next August.

VIRGINIA BRUCE has become so terrified at all the recent kidnap threats against her small daughter, she's up and moved to a new house. And its location is a deep, dark secret.

THE latest gentleman farmer appears to be Spencer Tracy. He recently built himself a house on an eight-acre plot out in the San Fernando Valley. But that wasn't big enough to fit in with his plan to raise his own garden and still afford room for his polo ponies. So he's taken over an additional eight acres, where he plans to lay out a polo field just for himself and the missus.

CLARK GABLE'S most prized possession is the old Ford which Carole Lombard presented him with on Valentine Day. He keeps it close by his studio dressing room, just for a laugh. And people are constantly decorating it with new gadgets. The most recent addition is an electric fan, and everyone is wondering what for.



"I'll have to use your pencil," Dick Powell admits when the theatre usher requests his autograph

ONE of the most amusing stories of the month, to my mind, is the one about the series of title changes on Columbia's pictures, starring Gary Cooper, originally called *Opera Hat*. *Opera Hat*, the officials decided, was not a very good title. So they hit on *A Gentleman Comes to Town*. Just about this time, Metro kicked up its heels in no uncertain fashion. Didn't Columbia know, they asked, that they were producing a film called *A Lady Comes to Town*, and that it would conflict no end with Columbia's selection? The controversy went on for some time. Finally, Metro suggested a compromise. If Columbia would lay off *A Gentleman Comes to Town*, Metro would gladly give them one of their old titles which had been knocking around the studio. They could, Metro offered, have the title *The Cinderella Man*, and what, they



Who is it? Why, Douglas Montgomery and Glenda Farrell, caught enjoying an informal vacation in a Los Angeles park

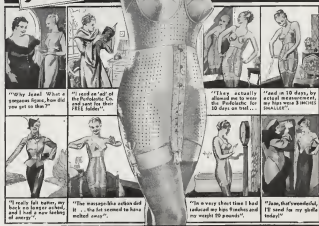
—Rhodes Photo

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and fresh at all times. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

■ The Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere knead away the fat at only those places where you want to reduce, in order to regain your youthful slimmness. Beware of reducing agents that take the weight off the entire body... for a scrawny neck and face are as unattractive as a too-fat figure.

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■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny... try them for 10 days... at our expense!

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Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE booklet describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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So Mercutio says to Romeo, "Listen, old boy." John Barrymore is the Mercutio, Leslie Howard, Romeo. Snapped between takes on M-G-M's *Romeo and Juliet*

asked, could be a nicer title for the Gary Cooper picture? So Columbia announced to the very-much-confused press that the title had definitely been changed to *The Cinderella Man*. But that wasn't the end. Come to find out Metro didn't own the title at all. So-o-o the picture, at least at this writing, will now come out under the title *Mr. Deeds Comes to Town*, if anyone still cares.

THE last word in hospitality was displayed by Sylvia Sidney recently when she moved from her comfortable Hollywood apartment to a large house to accommodate her best friend visiting her from Chicago. Upon her guest's departure, she moved bag and baggage back to the apartment.

SEEMED as though Claudette Colbert never would get off to New York on her recent vacation trip. First, she was taken ill with a bad cold just a few days before she was to leave. Then, just as she was getting on the train, hubby Jack Pressman was unfortunate enough to catch his finger in the car door. So la Colbert and party descended from the Chief at Pasadena because Claudette felt she would be uneasy the whole time, worrying about the accident. Arriving at home, she found Jack's wound was nothing at all serious and she might just as well have gone on. Then, when an attempt was made to get reservations the next evening, there were none to be had. With all her trunks on their way to New York, Claudette was obliged to wait four days before she could actually get under way.

WELL, it's a fine thing! Hollywood ex-husbands and ex-wives don't have enough difficulties, what with bumping into one another practically everywhere they go, but now Hollywood producers have conceived the brilliant idea of having them work together as well. It will be interesting to see what develops, in the next month or so, in the cases of Margaret Sullivan, who has been seen everywhere with ex-husband



ROSITA MORENO
in "HOUSE OF A
THOUSAND CIGARETTES,"
A REPUBLIC PICTURE

Doubly ATTRACTIVE!

MEN find her "doubly attractive" since she learned the secret of lovely, fascinating eyes. And it's the same story over and over again whenever a girl first learns how easy it is to have long, lovely lashes.

You, too, can have that fascinating loveliness that invites romance, if you bring out the natural beauty and charm of your eyes with WINX Mascara. It works wonders. Just a touch of WINX to your lashes and instantly they appear darker, longer and more lustrous... your eyes sparkle... your whole appearance seems improved.

Try WINX today and see for yourself why so many smart, well-groomed women use WINX regularly for both daytime and evening make-up. You will particularly like the way its emollient oils keep your lashes luxuriantly soft and natural-looking at all times.

WINX Mascara is offered in four colors—black, brown, blue, and green—and in three convenient forms—the new Creamy WINX (which is gaining in popularity every day), and the old favorites, Cake WINX and Liquid WINX. All are harmless, smudge-proof, water-proof, non-smearing, and easy to apply.

Your local drug and department stores carry WINX Mascara in the economical large size. You can also obtain the complete line of WINX Eye Beautifiers in Introductory Sizes at all 10¢ stores.



WINX

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GOSSIP GLIMPSSES



—Rhodes Photo

Dolores Del Rio and husband, Cedric Gibbons. Dolores is leaving for England to appear in two pictures for Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Henry Fonda since they worked together in *The Moon is My Home*, and also to Carole Lombard and William Powell, who are soon to appear in *My Man Godfrey*. And Wynne Gibson told me the other day that the local producer of *The Night of January 16th* thought it would be just dandy if Wynne would appear opposite ex-hubby John Gallaudet. But Wynne didn't think so and politely declined.

AND just because Jean Harlow's divorce decree was final on Friday the 13th, she refused to pick it up until the next day. Jean is taking no chances with dat ole debbil bad luck.

WYNNIE GIBSON tells an amusing story on her favorite new horse Burgundy. He not only is devoted to Wynne, but he's proved himself very apt at learning tricks. One of his favorite stunts, which Wynne herself taught him, is to kneel down at the door of the stable so she can mount him more easily. Last week-end, however, Wynne began to doubt the wisdom of teaching Burgundy tricks. They were having a swell gallop through the rough country when suddenly Burgundy knelt down, almost throwing Wynne from the saddle. And the horse was terribly pleased with himself. Wynne finally convinced him that the middle of a gallop is no place to kneel down and rather gingerly rode him back to the barn.

THE neatest trick of the week, to my mind, was pulled the other day by June Travis. It seems June heard, in a round-about way, that the boy friend who has been giving her a tremendous rush for the past few months, had been looking at a handsome eight-carat diamond ring in one of the local jewelry establishment. But although the h.f. was still very much in evidence, nothing happened. In the same round-about way, June finally learned the ring had been set aside for the gentleman—but for another girl! Now, June isn't one to be catty, but after all, the man had taken up a good deal of her time pretty consistently and she wasn't to be done in. So, being a smart little girl,

June called the jewelry store, asking to buy the same ring. When the jeweler informed her it had already been sold, June practically ruined his day by telling him an elaborate story about the purchaser's past record, proving he was in no position to buy the ring. And now it's pretty certain no one will wear that ring but little June, as the jeweler has called the first deal off in her favor.

STRANGE pranks are sometimes played on motion picture actors during the course of their careers. David Torrence, direct descendant of the famous MacLaren clan of Scotland, was offered a rôle in *Mary of Scotland*. Much to his disgust and chagrin, he discovered he was to portray a member of the Campbell clan—arch enemies of the MacLarens! David swallowed his pride, and agreed to play the part, but he feels pretty much like a martyr just the same.

WITH the advent of color pictures and their tendency to slendelize the feminine torso, there's a new diet movement on among the femmes. It's not how to lose weight any more, but how to gain it. Jeanette MacDonald is doing her darndest to gain ten pounds, drinking quarts of milk and getting lots of rest. Anita Louise has discovered that a glass of steak juice at night is excellent and Fay Wray is trying all the suggestions in order to put on a few extra pounds.

JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON is very anxious to have her fans know she has red hair. Inasmuch as most of her rôles have been character parts, one would never suspect, after seeing her on the screen, that her hair is a gorgeous red, her eyes golden.

THE Barbara Stanwyck-Robert Taylor affair, I am informed on good authority, is no serious romance. Barbara has just decided to have a good time for herself, after a number of years of heart-break and worry, and who, I ask you, would make a better companion than the gay and dashing Bob?

[Continued on page 38]



Jean Harlow

No more "lingerie lady" parts for the lovely Jean, she tells the world. Not that she is going Sarah Bernhardt, with tragic rôles and heavy emoting. Instead, she wants to be cast in parts that fit her vivacious, natural self—brown hair and all

The PRINCESS Comes Across

CAST

Princess Olga CAROLE LOMBARD
King Mandini FRED MacMURRAY
Lady Allwyn ALISON SKIPWORTH
Darcy PORTER HALL
Captain Nicholls GEORGE BARBER
Lorel DOUGLAS DUMBRILLE
Cragg LUMSDEN HARE
Stendorf SIEGFRIED RUMANN

This fictionalization adapted from the Paramount Picture, copyrighted 1936 by Paramount Pictures Corp. Original picture based on a story by

LOUIS LUCIEN ROGGER
and
PHILIP MACDONALD



"The Royal Suite, it is mine," stormed Her Highness. "I do not care if a King is in it!"

"WE ARE rather crowded—no?"

The Princess Olga of Sweden, en route to Hollywood and stardom, stared haughtily down her tip-tilted nose at the tall young man before her.

He stood, unaccountably, in the Royal Suite—her suite on the S. S. *Trinidad*. Her gray eyes were clear and crystal cool as she regarded him, but they wavered a trifle before the brilliant blue of his steady, frankly admiring stare.

Then, to her astonishment, he erupted into violent words, directing them at the meek little man hovering over half open bags. "This suite belongs to the Princess," he roared. "Take those bags to another cabin. Now get out before I throw you out."

He turned to the Princess with a smile. It did something to her, something strange and unprecedented, crinkling the tiny curls at the nape of her neck and whirling her heart around at a ferocious pace. "I trust Your Highness isn't upset by the way things got screwed up," he offered.

Lady Gertrude Allwyn, lady-in-waiting to the Princess, blinked and thrust forward her capacious bosom. "Screwed up?" Olga smiled quietly. "Ve are quite satisfied." What a deep, virile voice he had and surely shoulders never sat better on a well-knit figure. "Now, if you will favor us with your departure—"

There was a hit dashed. "Oh, sure—" he said, hacking out. The assistant purser shook his head bewilderedly. "I can't understand it, Your Highness. It was he who refused to give up this suite until a minute ago. His valet was perfectly willing."

"Listen!" said the young man from the door. They all spun around. "I hope Your Highness has a pleasant trip. My name's King Mandini and if any time I can be of service—"

Olga had a second's indecision. Then her chin rose. He was being exceedingly forward. "Good day," she said curtly.

"Hah!" "Her Highness said good day," Lady Gertrude intoned coldly. "Oh, well—good day." The door closed. Almost immediately, there was a determined knock.

"Come," called the Princess. With an easy smile King again stepped in and breezed past them to the bath room. "I forgot my razor," he called. But there was the unmistakable sound of water gushing into the tub.

"Good Heavens!" Lady Gertrude's voice was anguished. "The fellow's going to take a bath!"

Olga stalked majestically to the bath room door with Gertrude puffing after her.

King looked up, smiling genially. "It's the water faucet. It was actin' up when I was in here before." Olga's eyes were definitely icy. "If you are a plover, fix it. If not, please go away." With an imperious gesture she waved him out.

When he had again left, she leaned against the door, a lovely, willowy figure of impatience. Then, with deep feeling, "I'd like

Even a Princess can't say "No" forever when a handsome stranger risks his life to court her favor

to sock that guy on the nose," said the Princess Olga, née Wanda Nash, late of South Brooklyn, New York.

Lady Gertrude, in the act of taking a quick one from a handy bottle of Scotch, choked and whirled around. "Fine talk for a Princess!" she spluttered.

"Do you realize he almost grabbed the Royal Suite right out from under our feet?" Olga protested. "What a set-up," she added, hisufully surveying her surroundings. "And to think that not long ago I had nothing but an empty stomach and a wild idea."

"Yes," Gertrude smiled coolly. "Well, I must say, it worked out successfully. We fooled that Hollywood scout who wanted titles—and we've fooled everyone else so far."

Olga nodded. "Thank heavens for that funny little boarding house in London. Otherwise we might never have met, Gerrie. There we were—a has-been and a never-was-er."

Gertrude bridled and stroked her mid-Victorian hip. "Oh, I don't know. When I did the lead in *The Duchess of Dalmunia*—"

Olga hastily interrupted. She had



"I'd be honored," King blurted. "I'll show your bag so I would have an excuse to see you again by yourself!"

ROMANTIC

MOVIE STORIES

heard this story before. "Hey, Gertie, take off your shoes and wade around in this rug. It comes up to your knees."

Savoring each luxurious gesture, the "Princess" removed her clothes and wrapped herself into a white furred negligée. Her arms fell lax at her sides. Almost imperceptibly, her ears had become filled with a subtle, disturbing rhythm. Dreamily, she walked to the bed, flung herself upon it and lay there, eyes darkened into pools of moonlight, every nerve responding to the insidious tempo of the music.

"What's that?" she finally murmured.

"Sounds like a concertina," Gertrude responded through clenched teeth. "A low, vulgar instrument, my dear. If you put it on the floor, it practically crawls." Opening the door she stopped a passing steward. "Who is making that appalling noise?"

"That's Mr. King Mandini, the famous concertina artist, Your Highness."

Olga's head snapped off the pillow. King Mandini—the handsome blue-eyed intruder!

"Kindly ask this—er—Mandini person to stop at once," Gertrude directed the steward. "Her Royal Highness cannot endure the concertina."

But Olga's face was suffused with soft radiance as she whispered to herself, "Unm— I like concertinas."

GARBED in abbreviated shorts and shirt, she sat in her chair on the sun deck that afternoon, receiving homage from a group of admirers.

Her smile was bright and impartial as she bestowed it upon each in turn. But it faded as she glanced down beside her.

"My hag—it is gone!"

Immediately, there was a great scurrying around. But the hag seemed to have taken wings and with it, every cent that she and Gertrude owned in the world.

"I beg your pardon," someone beside her said, "is this what you're looking for?"

Olga gulped with relief as King Mandini handed her the woven sport bag.

"You've found it. How can I thank you?"

"That's easy."

"How?"

He spoke quickly. "What's the chances of a Princess having cocktails tonight with a fellow like me?"

Her pulses leaped. His eyes were beguiling with entreaty. "She might."

"Does that mean she will?"

"I said . . . she might."

King squared his shoulders and blurted out, "I'll be honest with you, Princess. I didn't find your hag. I pinched it."

"Pinched?"

"Yes. Took it—so I'd have an excuse to talk to you again. And now that you know the truth, I suppose our date's off."

Her eyes widened. Then some perverse imp gurgled laughter past her lips. "On the contrary—a pinched bag is a very good introduction. I think the date—would be very pleasant."

King's delight was apparent. "One thing more would make the whole day perfect. If only you'd like my concertina!"

"Now I'll be honest with you—" Olga peered around cautiously, "I do like it." She placed her hag on the edge of the aquarium and cupped her chin. "It must be very difficult to play."

"It is." He grasped her hands and flexed the fingers. "You've got to have strength in your wrists and fingers."

She was virtually in his embrace as he moved her arms back and forth. A fleeting thrill pierced her heart, went, and came again.

Splash! King's elbow had struck the bag and knocked it into the aquarium. But, lunging forward, he brought it out soaking wet.

"Oh—my poor poor!" Olga laughed, as she held up her sodden powder puff. Then she ruefully extracted a roll of French banknotes, dripping water.

King wrung them out. "I'll starch and iron them later," he grinned. In his zeal, he ripped an inch long tear through the middle of each bill. "Oops. I almost doubled your money."

Olga laughed. "It is all right. They are still good." Suddenly, she spied Gertrude looking at her with fire in her eye. "Scram!" she hissed.

"What?"

She pulled herself together regally. "Scr-aam," she repeated, with a broad A. "In Swedish it means, the interview is ended!"

Frowning a puzzled frown, King moved away.

Gertrude sailed up and in outraged silence led Olga to their cabin. "My dear," she began impressively, standing over her, "did my eyes see what I believe they saw?"

"Now, wait a minute," Olga protested. "Even if I am a hokum princess, do I have to be a hermit?"

Gertrude shook an admonishing finger. "There are plenty of proper gentlemen on board without getting yourself entangled with that—that concertina squeezer. And besides, if you're not careful, you'll let it slip that you are Wanda Nash of Brooklyn. Then where are we? Now be a sensible girl and cut him off cold."

For a reckless instant Olga thought of rebelling. The touch of his arms, the warmth of his smile still lingered in her senses. Then she remembered her debt to Gertrude. "Okay, Gertie," she said mournfully. "I'll put him on ice. Poor fellow, I hope he freezes well."

THE cocktail lounge was pleasantly alive with passengers and bustling stewards when Olga and Gertrude drifted into it just before dinner.

"He's here. Now don't forget," Gertrude muttered.

King beamed on them as he stepped up. "Good evening. I've arranged for everything." He stopped, aware of their combined frigidity.

Olga burst into a cascade of tinkling laughter. "But you are so naive. You did not think I accepted your invitation this afternoon seriously?"

King's eyes hardened. "Of course I did. What happened to make you like this? Why, this afternoon . . ."

Olga stiffened and rose. "In our country it is not good manners to recall leetle indiscretions of royalty. In my grandmother's time there was a foreign musician came to Court—he was impudent, tiresome, a conceited no-hodee, and then he was never seen again."

"I get it," King said grimly. "But there's just one more thing." Angriely, he thrust a spray of orchids into her hand. "They're in memory of a girl I talked to this afternoon. She was a Princess all over." He turned abruptly and left.

Olga gazed after him, the orchids clasped to her breast. Then, resignedly, she moved with Gertrude toward the dining room.

An hour later they were in their cabin, sipping after dinner coffee, for Gertrude was taking no chances when it came to pursuing concertina players.

There was a light tap on the door. Without waiting, the visitor eased himself into the room.

"Good evening, ladies," he said in an oily voice. He was a pasty-faced rat of a man, about forty years of age. "My name is Darcy."

Gertrude said sternly, "Sir, you are intruding—"

"Just a minute." Smiling nastily, Darcy

On the other side of the wall, King knew, Olga was listening



advanced upon them. "I happen to be a very close friend of George Marson, the theatrical agent in London, and I know that the Princess Olga is really *It's a Wonderful Life*!"

There was a dreadful, despairing hush. Olga felt her knees turn to water as she met Gertrude's stricken gaze. Exposure! Her career, her future, melting away like ice in the summer sun.

"But there's nothing crooked about it," Olga cried frantically. "In a little while we'll tell them. We were broke—hungry—"

"You two are playing with dynamite," Darcy pointed out harshly. "They call it 'obtaining money under false pretenses.' At least, International Films would."

"They'll get their money's worth," Gertrude pleaded. "This child's got talent."

"Now, how much are you willing to pay me for silence?" Darcy broke in pitilessly.

Olga drew in a long, racking breath. "Pay him off, Gertrude."

Grinching his disappointment at the small roll of bills that Gertrude took from Olga's bag, Darcy gestured to an emerald ring she was wearing. "I've been admiring that."

In stony silence, Olga stripped it off and handed it over. "Now, get out."

Gertrude dropped heavily into a chair. Glancing at her, Olga sent her chin up defiantly. "We're not sunk yet, Gertrude," she said. "We can't quit now."

"Fix your make-up and we'll give 'em a real performance. I'll meet you outside."

"Bless you, child," Gertrude said wanly. "You've got pluck."

WITH quick, nervous steps Olga made for the hall room and was soon being waltzed heavily around by the solemn-faced Chief Officer.

"May I cut in?" a voice asked, and before she could utter a protest King had her in his arms and they were gliding off.

"You are insufferable," Olga accused weakly.

"I had to talk to you," he answered, strangely intense.

"What about?"

"I just want you to know that if you're ever in any kind of trouble, you can count on me."

Shocked surprise brought her gaze to his. What had he guessed? "Why do you think that I should be in any trouble?"

"Oh, I don't know. It's a strange sort of ship and there are some very odd people on board."

She swayed the merest bit closer. "And the oddest of them all is you."

Silence grew between them, alive and fraught with a slow, distilled enchantment. There was no end, no beginning to anything, only these isolated rhythmic moments on another world, another planet.

Eleven o'clock rolled around and reality returned with a dull thud for Olga. Gertrude's eagle eye was seeking her out. Mumbling a word of excuse into King's ear, she slipped from his arms and meekly followed Gertrude to their cabin.

At the door she paused a moment. There was just the faintest echo of a concertina in soft serenade. At Gertrude's impatient nudge however, she opened the door and switched on the light.

A wrenching scream tore at her throat as she stared at the dead body of the blackmailer, Darcy, on the floor. An evil looking pair of scissors was plunged into his heart.

Gertrude's face was the color of putty and her voice a thin splinter as she said, "I'll call the Captain."

"No, no," Olga gasped, quickly stepping before her. "There'd be questions—too many questions. Wait!" She darted out and a moment later was facing King at the door of his cabin. "Please—come to my cabin," she pleaded piteously. "You said I could count on you—and I'm in trouble."

"We know nothing," Olga began tearfully as, his face expressionless, King knelt beside Darcy's body.

Lady Gertrude cut her off. "Mr. Mandini, for reasons of State we simply cannot report this to the Captain. Surely you can understand."

King's eyes were inscrutable. "How much did you give him?"

"Five thousand francs and—" Hastily, Olga checked further damaging admissions.

In silence King began to search Darcy's body. But the dead man's wallet, on being brought to light, proved empty of any cash.

"There's only one thing I can do," King said evenly. "Some passenger who never showed up—a Nicolai Petroff—was booked for Cabin B-50. The cabin is empty. I'll take him there."

King returned shortly after taking the body to B-50. Grasping Olga's shoulders, he said, "Look, Princess—You kept your nerve, don't lose it now."

There was comfort and reassurance in his towering strength, and even at this critical time, a sweet intoxication at his touch.

"Get up on deck or the salon. Keep moving. Get the idea?"

She nodded.

The deck, the salon. Back and forth Olga and Gertrude paced, trying to still their quaking dread.

But not five minutes after they had returned to their cabin, the Captain telephoned with a respectful request for an immediate audience.

As he entered the cabin, accompanied by three men, Olga said loftily, "It is very late, but if we can help you—"

OBVIOUSLY nervous at this intrusion on Royalty, the Captain hastened to explain. "We will be as brief as possible, Your Highness. These three gentlemen with me are detectives bound for an International Convention in New York. But unfortunately, a condemned murderer, Paul Merko, famous for his disguises, is believed to be on board this boat."

Inspector Cragg, a Scotland Yard man, leaned forward. "Your Highness, let us come to the point. There was also a blackmailer on board. A Robert Darcy. We found him dead in B-50."

"So?" Olga made a regal gesture. "But why do you come to us?"

Lorel, of the Paris Surete, answered her. "Your Highness will no doubt be surprised to learn that your name was marked off on a passenger list found in Darcy's pocket. There were also two others marked off as his victims. One, a Nicolai Petroff, missing from B-50 since we sailed, and the other, King Mandini."

Steindorf, the German police official, grunted in agreement.

Olga inclined her golden head. Her hands were clenched behind her back. "Then perhaps they can help you. I have never heard of this Darcy. You are sorry we cannot give you any information. Good night, gentlemen."

When they were alone, Gertrude wailed feebly, "They can't suspect us of the murder."

"They can't while I'm the Princess," Olga's mouth drooped mournfully. "But how long will that last now?" An ominous clap of thunder reverberated through her heart. "My ring!"

"Ring?"

Olga twisted her slim fingers. "The one Darcy took from me along with the money. The only good ring I had."

Gertrude placed a soothing arm about her. "Steady, my dear. What great harm—"

"My name is in it—engraved inside," was the bitter rejoinder. Gertrude's mouth went slack. "My stars and garters!" she moaned. "Where's that bottle of Scotch?"

In an effort to throw off the whole dreadful business, Gertrude had firmly decided that they [Continued on page 32]



"Come in," Olga called to the mysterious visitor in the doorway

ROMANCE AND REVOLT in Under Two Flags

Colbert, Colman, McLaglen and Russell Four great stars in a four-star romance of jealousy, passion, devotion and danger

CLAUDETTE COLBERT looked at the roguish gamin in the mirror and smiled at the transformation in herself for the rôle of *Cigarette* in *Under Two Flags*. She had to admit: "The public has never seen me like this before!"

Justly wearing the cap and jacket of a French Foreign Legion uniform over a faded nondescript dress—not the latest chic creation for the modern miss! Playing a flirtatious cabaret girl in a barracks town at the edge of the sun-baked Sahara—

You will see Claudette Colbert, *en deshabille* in her room in the cabaret, hearing the news that the soldiers have marched away, excitedly wrapping a native shawl around her as a skirt, rushing to the Commandant's office to upbraid him about the bills that some of the men on march still owe her. There she finds an English army captain, named Menzies (Nigel Bruce)—who has brought the Commandant confidential news that the Commissioner of the nearby British colony is about to pay Saïda a visit. Before Menzies, Cigarette is demure and coy, persuading him that she can help him in his assignment of buying Arab horses. After he leaves, you discover that Cigarette and the Commandant are very close friends. Mc-



Cigarette was the Commandant's girl, but unlike his soldiers, she would not obey

the spitfire sweetheart of a regiment of Legionnaires! Torturing one man who loved her, sacrificing herself for love of another—fighting for him like a man!

Claudette completed her make-up. She was ready now for the dramatic scene in which she first meets Ronald Colman in her café, with Victor McLaglen, Commandant of the Legion forces at Saïda—Irish, intense, alert, iron-willed, a demon for discipline who sends a company on a forty-mile desert march as a lesson in obeying orders.



"I go now," Victor said. "Think well of me"

Colman is willing to do anything on earth for her—except to command an order, which she asks him to do. Skillfully, shrewdly playing on his passion for her, she also suggests that it is dangerous to leave the village unprotected against the Arabs. He orders the return of the troops. Cigarette has scored another triumph. Before they can march back to barracks, however, the Commandant receives word from an exhausted courier that another company has been attacked in the desert by a horde of Arabs. At the head of his band of hard-riding, mounted soldiers, the Commandant races toward the scene of the battle. He arrives there near dusk, finds only dead men, some of whom died by



Laglen is willing to do anything on earth for her—except to command an order, which she asks him to do. Skillfully, shrewdly playing on his passion for her, she also suggests that it is dangerous to leave the village unprotected against the Arabs. He orders the return of the troops. Cigarette has scored another triumph.



"And now, mademoiselle," he said, "if you will forgive me, I'll go to a café where drinking is the sole entertainment"

torture. Then he sees one Arab stir. Through an interpreter, he learns from the wounded man that twenty Legionnaires have escaped to a nearby defile, led by a daring corporal. This man is Corporal Victor (Ronald Colman).

THE scene in the interior of Cigarette's café occurs the next evening. A colonial scene, this. The room is small, dingy, crowded, noisy—and flavored with Algeria. Legionnaires throng the place, drinking. Among the tables moves Cigarette, playing hostess. One of the men offers her a drink. Rumpiling his hair, she tastes the wine, looks up to see four new-comers entering. Fascinated by the first of the four, she watches him as he moves forward, looking for a table. She whispers to a soldier:

"Who is that man?"

The soldier follows her absorbed gaze, answers, "Corporal Victor."

Ah, she has heard of this Corporal Victor. He is a hero. He should have wine—at Cigarette's expense! He should have Cigarette's attention! She picks up two bottles of wine, smiling, her eyes alight. She walks toward the table that the Corporal and his companions have taken. At his side, she says: "Corporal Victor, I welcome you to my café!" Her voice is warm with anticipation of future welcomes. "Thank you, mademoiselle," he answers courteously, casually glancing up at her, then giving his attention to a bottle of cognac he has just drawn from his tunic. "May we have four glasses, please?" Her eyes open wide in amazement. She

is dumfounded. She has never had any Legionnaire treat her like this before. "But—I am Cigarette!"

Politely, patiently, with a lifted smile, he says, "Again—how do you do. We are very thirsty, if you don't mind."

Defiantly, she puts the two bottles of wine on his table. "But always, the first time you come, Cigarette gives you a bottle of wine."

"Thank you, mademoiselle, but we have cognac, as you see." "Attention!" commands Victor. The four rise, solemnly salute the bottle. All the Legionnaires in the room are looking at them, amused, watching them ignore Cigarette.

This is too much for her. "You bring your own cognac and ask for glasses!" she flares. "You refuse my wine! You insult me in my café!"

"Perhaps we shall be glad of your wine later," he suggests, with mock gratitude.

She seizes her bottles of wine. "We have no glasses for you, now or later!" Angry, she flounces away.

At one of the tables, someone starts a song. Still smoldering with anger, Cigarette watches Victor from a distance as he and his companions drink from tin cups.

Then her eyes light up mischievously. She has an idea. She knows how she can make the other men laugh at Corporal Victor!

She begins to sing animatedly, winks at some soldiers, and nods in the direction of Victor's table, inviting the men to watch what is going to happen. Slowly, still singing, she strolls toward Victor, suddenly throws herself into his lap with an arm about his neck.

FROM all over the room come shouts of encouragement for Cigarette. Victor, realizing that she [Continued on page 62]

By JAMES REID

THE EX-MRS.

BRADFORD

The hero of "The Thin Man" is catapulted into another sparkling mystery by a divorced wife who loved him too much to stay away

"ARE you in to anyone, sir?" "In?" Doctor Lawrence Bradford looked up from his newspaper with a slightly abstracted eye. Confound these doorbells, he thought irritably. Why haven't they decided to be silent on a man's evening at home? He sighed. "Why, yes, Stokes, I suppose so."

The butler nodded in dismal sympathy. Then, with the peculiar shuffling gait that was characteristic of him, went to answer the bell.

Bradford's gaze returned to the paper. So Jockey Eddie Sands was dead. Brad felt an insistent lump rise in his throat. Eddie had been a likeable lad, spirited, honest and bounding with health. Yet the paper's cold type was proclaiming he had died of heart failure. Riding Luxury, a one-to-two favorite, in the betting that very afternoon, Eddie had fallen from his horse

and War Cloud, Luxury's greatest rival, had thundered past to a triumphant finish at long odds.

"Hi'ya Brad," Paula said gaily as she stepped into the room. Brad jumped to his feet as if propelled by a spring. "Paula!" he was just able to gasp, then experienced the incredible delight of holding the warm almsman of his divorced wife in his arms again, pressing his kiss on her soft, full mouth.

Dizzily, he held her off. Luminous eyes that mirrored the sky, glinting, golden hair that would tangle into ringlets at his finger's touch. And the funny little trick her voice had of gurgling off into low, husky laughter.

Paula's impudent smile did not betray that she was quivering from his kiss, that her whole being seemed to be threaded with little rivulets of fire. She said to herself firmly, "I've faced the facts and I know I can't live without him. I'll have to make him see it, somehow." She beckoned to a little man standing inconspicuously in the doorway. "Oh, Brad, this is Mr. Frankenstein."

THE CAST

WILLIAM POWELL
JEAN ARTHUR
ERIC BLORE
JAMES GLEASON
ROBERT ARMSTRONG
GRANT MITCHELL
ERIN O'BRIEN MOORE
RALPH MORGAN
LUCILLE GLEASON
LILA LEE
FRANK M. THOMAS
PAUL YEE

Dr. Bradford
Paula Bradford
Stokes
Corrigan
Nick Martel
Mr. Summers
Mrs. Summers
Mr. Hutchins
Mrs. Hutchins
Miss Prentiss
Mike North
Lou Pender

Fictionized from the RKO Picture

Directed by
STEPHEN ROBERTS
From the original idea by
JAMES EDWARD GRANT
Screen play by
ANTHONY VEILLER

"The handwriting proves her an unfaithful wife," Paula exclaimed, "but not guilty of murder!"



With little mincing steps the man came forward. "Doctor Bradford?" Brad nodded in astonishment. "I heretofore serve you to answer a suit of non-payment of alimony brought by Paula Bradford." Slapping a paper into Brad's hand, the fellow scooted from the room.

Brad shook his head slowly with amused exasperation. "And for a minute I was glad to see you," he reproached Paula.

"Are you going to pay me my alimony?" she asked pertly. "Paula, after all, you already have, roughly speaking, two-thirds of the money in California," he protested.

She tossed her head. "That hasn't anything to do with it. It's a matter of principle." Her eyes narrowed with mischief. She pulled him beside her to the divan. "Brad," she said happily, "I've reached a great decision. I'm going to marry you again." She stopped and held her breath.

BRAD felt his heart leap. If only they could take up where they had left off. He said with strained lightness, "That's the thing I love about you. You're so darned subtle." He nipped her pink chin in his fingers. "You're the sweetest girl in the world, Paula, but you know our marrying again is impossible. You're a mystery story writer. I'm a surgeon. The two won't mix. Why, in our last three months together you kept me so busy running down clues—"

"Brad, don't move," Paula said in a low, imperative voice. Her eyes were riveted on the opposite wall. A picture there was slowly sliding out of place. "Shh . . . got a gun?" Then she stiffened and glared as Brad broke into loud guffaws of laughter.

"That picture covers the window of my new motion picture

projection booth," he explained when he could finally talk. "Stokes was just adjusting the machine to show a picture." He gave her a pat on the shoulder. "Now, you see my dear? You just can't seem to forget life isn't all sliding panels and mysterious shots in the dark."

Paula wriggled her toes with discontent. "Well, anyhow, speaking of murders—"

"Which we weren't," Brad put in resignedly.

"—that was a marvelous set-up at the race track this afternoon. Eddie Sands in the lead on Luxury, the villain hidden behind the three-quarter pole with a silencer on his gun—"

"My dear ex-wife," Brad interrupted heatedly, "there is no



"Tell no one," Brad warned Stokes, "but do as I tell you"

place for even a flea to hide at the three-quarter. The jockey was not shot. He fell off his horse. The coroner says it was heart failure." Brad's brow knitted into a frown. "Although I don't see how—Eddie was all right two weeks ago when I examined him."

They had both been so engrossed in argument that neither had heard the bell. Brad turned and extended his hand cordially as Mike North, trainer for the Summers stable, stepped into the room. Introducing him to Paula as a member of the same stable as the dead Eddie Sands, Brad

gestured him to be seated. "We were just talking about the murder of that poor jockey this afternoon," Paula began brightly. Mike sat bolt upright. Her gaze grew more intent. "He was murdered, wasn't he?" she asked.

Mike emitted a long, whistling breath. "Yes. But I didn't think anybody knew it except me."



"Darling," he protested, "I am not out of love"

Paula's cry was softly triumphant.

"What makes you so sure of this, Mike?" Brad asked tensely.

Mike explained. Eddie had been dead before he fell. "You don't fall limp and relaxed like that if you're conscious. Then—" Mike pulled a note from his pocket. "—I found this in Eddie's locker after the race."

Brad read. "You do as I've told you. Keep your mouth shut. No one would take your word against mine."

"I don't know who wrote it," Mike said grinning, "but I'm going to find out. And I want you to examine Eddie's body at the Morgue, Doc. The Coroner isn't good enough for me."

Brad bit his lips reflectively. "All right, Mike. I'll examine the boy."

Mike jumped to his feet. "Thanks, Doc, that's swell. I'll scout around on my own and meet you back here later." He left. "Now you see, darling," Paula said as she nuzzled her face against Brad's. "I told you it was murder. Now, I'll help you solve it."

Brad felt his resistance ebbing from him. Then he collected his senses. Thrusting her away, he said sternly, "There's only one safe place for me at this moment and that's the Morgue. And see that you're gone when I get back." Then he fled from the room and temptation.

His living room door opened again an hour later, under the touch of his key. He had completely forgotten to ring, for his mind was whirling with a maze of questions. Eddie's body had, under careful examination, revealed not a single mark of violence and he had been about to leave when he had suddenly noticed a peculiar, gummy substance adhering to one of the dead man's arms. Carefully, he had scraped the substance off with his scalpel, then, with rising excitement, had hurried home to find out what the suspicious stuff was.

DIVESTING himself of hat and coat, he brought out the scalpel and busied himself with the microscope. He looked up as Stokes came to attention at his elbow. "A package for Mr. Mike North, sir. It arrived while you were gone."

Frowning, Brad reached for it. "Well, why was it sent here?" The telephone rang.

It was Mike. "Hello Doc," he said. His voice was oddly hoarse. "Did a package arrive for me?"

"Yes. I've got it right here."

"Okay. Keep it for me. I'll be there in five minutes. I got something very hot." The connection snapped.

Brad's thoughts raced furiously. A mysterious package and "something very hot." And of course, the scalpel. Where was it all leading? Did any of it make sense?

Unaccountably, the apartment seemed forlorn and empty. "What about Mrs. Bradford?" he asked of Stokes. "Did she go back to her hotel?" He carefully adjusted the microscope.

"Finally, sir."

"You didn't have to use force?" Brad asked, grinning.

"Only in a mild way, sir," Stokes answered gravely, "and always with tact."

Brad felt an overwhelming sense of contrition. He had run out rather abruptly. "Better get her on the 'phone. Maybe I should apologize."

Obediently, Stokes flung open the door to the living room, then started back. "That will not be necessary, sir," he hissed, "Mrs. Bradford is here."

Brad crossed the threshold of the room, and stopped stock still. Bearing down on him was Paula, determinedly marching at the head of a small parade of men, all carrying luggage.

"Just bring the stuff over here boys," she called cheerily.

Brad stepped in her path. "Just what do you think you're doing?"

"Moving in," she returned blithely, but there was an urgent plea in back of her eyes. "You're my bread and butter, Brad—either by marriage or by alimony. And now you've got yourself mixed up in a murder case, I'll have to take care of you."

Brad regarded her silently, then chuckled. "Paula, you're a menace to civilization. Okay." He gestured. "You can have the spare bedroom I suppose, until this is over."

Her eyes went soft and shining. The first goal was won.

Planting an airy kiss somewhere behind Brad's ear, she whirled around and disappeared into her new quarters.

The delicate scent of her perfume lingered in Brad's nostrils. Absently, he walked to the window, a tender smile upon his lips. Then he tensed. Just outside the door of his house was Nick Martel, the town's most notorious gambler and bookmaker for the races. And seated beside him in his car, was a small, sinister-looking little man, with a pronounced scar running across his jawline. Their glances, cast at the house, were expectant.

Brad whistled. More of it and worse. What was up? What was Nick doing here? Then a more disturbing thought struck him. Where was Mike? It was over twenty minutes since he had called.

Growing alarm rose within him as he returned to his office. He bent over his microscope and slowly, his eyes dilated. The scalpel with the gummy substance on it was gone—vanished into thin air. Suddenly, he jerked around as a sound came to him from his outer office.

Quietly, he opened the door. Miss Prentiss, his secretary, was bending over his desk, searching feverishly through the drawers.

Brad's voice was stern. "What are you doing here?" he asked.

"Oh, Doctor." She was visibly trembling. "You frightened me so. I just came back for my purse, that's all."

"Where you in my office?"

"No, Doctor. G-goodnight."

"Wait a minute." Brad bowed ironically and held out his hand. "You forgot your purse." The door closed after her.

NOW what? he wondered, as the evening's events fell into a disordered mental array. But the next instant he had rushed to the living room window. He was just in time to see Martel's car drawing away. And in the back seat was the figure of a woman, suspiciously resembling that of Miss Prentiss.

He had just managed to digest this when the telephone again rang. "Hello, Doc," said an obviously faked voice. "This is Mike North. Did a package arrive for me?"

Brad hardly dared breathe. "Yes, yes—" he mumbled.

"Okay. Will you come right over to the cigar store at Wilshire and Western? I'll wait here for you. Oh—and never mind bringing the package. Put it away in your desk."

Brad slowly replaced the telephone. Appraisingly, he picked up the package, fingered [Continued on page 42]

"Brad," Paula exclaimed happily. "I've reached a great decision. I'm going to marry you again!"



Against the strong
beat of Alan's heart
it seemed impossi-
ble there could be
another woman

The UNGUARDED HOUR

THE girl in the pale pink tea gown lifted her head nervously as the raucous cry of newspaper vendors drifted into the room from the London street below. It was an ugly sound and ugliness had no place in this beautiful room with its satin cushions, silver vases of roses and many mirrors that proved its occupant young and feminine and unafraid of scrutiny. Ugliness had no place near the face she turned toward the window, heart shaped, clear cut, hauntingly Greek—such a face as men have carried in their memory since time began.

"Metford's Story of Phantom Woman of Dover Cliffs Ridiculed By Dearden. Extry!"

Ugliness had no place in all this feminine loveliness and luxury but

THE CAST

Helen Dearden

LORETTA YOUNG

Alan Dearden

FRANCHOT TONE

Gen. Lawrence

LEWIS STONE

Bunny

ROLAND YOUNG

Lady Hathaway

JESSIE RALPH

Diana Rogers

AILEEN PRINGLE

Fictionized from the M-G-M picture, based on the play The Unguarded Hour by

LADISLAUS FODOR

English adaptation by

BERNARD MERIVALE

Directed by

SAM WOOD

suddenly it was here, like a dank wind, like the low tide smell of the wind at Dover on a raw March morning. The girl shivered, though a coal fire leaped in the grate before her. "What shall I do?" she whispered to the fire and the roses and the exquisite little figure in the mirror facing her, "what can I do?"

"Excuse me, Your Ladyship asked for the latest edition." Henderson tried not to glance curiously at the many papers tossed about the couch. "The master seems to be tying the rope round that wife-killer's neck, fair enough, if you'll pardon me for the liberty, Ma'am."

She looked down at the smeary pictures on the front page. Metford, the accused man, had a thin scrawny neck with an Adam's apple. She had

Do all great loves have an "unguarded hour," when circumstances point a scornful finger to damn a man or woman as unfaithful?

noticed that Alan's apple above a miserable purple necktie with yellow spots became it bobbed up and down when he had shouted to his wife to be careful of the cliff on that fateful day.

"But Your Ladyship hasn't touched her tea!" The butler's tone was a genuinely shocked. Murder trial or no murder trial, tea was a sacred rite. "Shall I bring fresh?"

Helen Dearden shook her head. She felt her own throat constrict as though a rope were closing on it. "Nothing. But court must be out now, Henderson. Bring whiskey and soda up here. Sir Alan will be home any minute now."

Strange that ten days ago, just saying Alan's name set bells ringing in her heart. Strange that ten days ago on the balcony at Antibes, with Alan's beloved face across the table and the incredible blue of the Mediterranean beyond, she had been almost afraid to be so happy. The slow, languid days and the moonless nights, swooning with the souls of a thousand flowers, had been like a second honeymoon. She had even forgotten that wretched business of the man Lewis—he of the greedy eyes and the cheap black tie and the letters hidden under the oak tree. Or if the ugly incident were not quite forgotten, she had locked it away in a closed drawer of the past, never to be opened again.

She stared down at the flaring headlines in her hand. "I suppose life is dear to that poor little rabbit of a man, Metford," she thought, "even without that faded, drab colored wife he was trying to warn that morning. If he is convicted I shall have to speak. I shall tell him to say that his story is true. That he did meet a woman on the cliffs who heard him shout to his wife not to go near the edge. I shall have to say I am that woman, and when I do, Alan will have to know that I know about his affair with Diana Rogers."

Helen Dearden was one of those women whose love has in it the necessity of self sacrifice. She did not guess herself that she had found something almost joyful in the secret from her husband's past that had been thrust by soiled black rimmed fingers into her hands. Yet it was true. It had given her the chance to protect this wonderful creature she had married. To interpose herself between him and worry, even perhaps ruin of his career. To feel that she was guarding their happiness from the faint shadow that must tarnish its glory if they both shared the thought of that woman in Alan's past, that Diana Rogers.

At the sound of a familiar footstep she let the paper fall to the floor and put on an expression of gaiety, slightly askew. "Darling! How tired you look! I shall be so glad when you are appointed Attorney General and don't have to go to that horrid court—"

In his arms, against the strong beating of his heart it became impossible, fantastic that she should ever open that closed drawer. What right had miserable, mousy little clerks and their near-sighted, dreary wives stepping into the charmed circle that for two years had held only the two of them. A circle of passionate happiness and trust that shut the world out even if the Alan Deardens were the most popular and hospitable hosts in the younger Mayfair set.

But Alan's handsome, clear cut face wore a frown as he glanced down at the snarl of papers on the floor. "Helen, you haven't been letting this wretched case upset you? You know I'd like to keep things like that—mean, ugly things—away from you, sweetheart."

She was gathering the papers up, crushing them into a waste basket, glad of the excuse not to meet his eyes. "But Alan

Helen masked her face with a smile when Bunny joked about the make-believe crime he had pinned on Alan so cleverly

—I wish you wouldn't be so—so clever about cross-examining that poor man. I know—I'm sure he never pushed his wife off the cliff."

HER husband yawned. "An innocent man doesn't forget important details, and make contradictory statements," he said. "That insurance he had her take out on her life, and his cock and bull story about a lady he met on the cliffs who could prove he warned his 'Annie' not to go near the edge—it isn't even a good lie. Why he can't even tell what kind of clothes the mystery woman had on."

She spoke from behind his chair, in a soft rush. "Don't look around, dearest. Now describe me. What am I wearing?"

"You're adorable!" Alan said promptly. "You're the prettiest, sweetest, most scrupulous wife a public prosecutor ever bought a pink teagown with bows on the shoulders and a copper colored belt for." With a sudden sweep he had her in his arms, burying his face hungrily in brown hair that smelled faintly of flowers. "Can't catch me on anything you're wearing, sweetheart! I'm sorry it makes you unhappy for me to send poor wretches of murderers where they belong. No, I'm glad! Because it proves all over again that you're sprinkled with star dust, with a sort of shining kindness that makes everybody else in the world look a little bit shoddy."

Now was the moment for her to tell him why she of all the people in the world knew that the skinny little clerk whose agonies were exploited in newspaper headlines was innocent

of wife murder. "Alan," she began, "I—I want to tell you—"

She gave a gasp of relief as Henderson's black bulk filled the doorway. "A letter for you, Sir Alan." In another minute she would have blurted out the name of the woman who had received boyish love-letters from Alan long ago and let her irrevocably into the magic circle, never to leave them again. She knew almost what this "Diana Rogers" looked like, a blowsy woman with hard lines covered badly by paint and powder, a woman who used cheap scent.

She looked back from the doorway of her bedroom. Alan wore his other face now, as he stood scowling over the letter, the face that belonged to the world, not that shining look that was hers alone. No Diana Rogers had ever seen that look!

"Don't forget that you're standing godfather to the Cameron baby at five o'clock this afternoon and it's four-thirty now," she reminded him.

Alan Dearden did not glance up from his letter. "Oh, yes. But I may be a trifle late. Take Bunny along in case I should hall the ceremony up by delay. Bunny was born to be a godfather, just the type that gives silver mugs—"

Under the flawless serenity proper to christenings, Helen Dearden



"This cut on your hand looks suspicious, Alan," General Lawrence observed

Lewis was frightened

listened to Bunny's stammering substitution for the absent godfather, so preoccupied with her unhappy thoughts that she forgot to worry over Alan's absence. What would all these proper people do if she answered the rector's next question, "Who standeth godmother to this child?" with: "I—the Phantom of the Dover Cliffs!"

Even Lord Hathaway's hoarse whisper to the perspiring and agonized substitute, "I say old chap, wouldn't it be better to hit the child over the brow with a bottle and launch it" failed to lighten her spirits.

For, she knew that at this moment a short, pop eyed little man in a shoddy suit was sitting in a cell, wringing his hands, shedding weak tears for his Annie, waiting for Alan to take away his miserable little life triumphantly tomorrow.

And suddenly Helen knew that she could not go on living until she told someone of her dilemma. Her eyes fell upon the good humored, insignificant face of Bunny, her husband's best friend. Why of course! Good old Bunny, cast by nature as a sort of stand-in for bigger, handsomer men. Bunny whom Helen knew had loved her cheerfully, happily ever since the day when he had been best man at her wedding.

"Come early tonight before the rest get there," she whispered as they trooped out of the church into the spring sunshine. "I've got to ask your advice."

IT WAS Bunny's reward for two long years of worship. His patient, pleasant face beamed up at her, as two hours later they stood together in the drawing room. "Tell papa what's worrying you," he besought her. "This afternoon I thought it was fear that I'd drop the baby. I almost did. It wasn't—ah—a very well-behaved baby."

Ten minutes later he was not beaming. Over the untouched highball glass he stared at Helen, sandy moustache quivering with concern. "My word," said Bunny, "but we are in a pretty mess."

The "we" was comforting. Helen smiled quiveringly. "You see why I can't tell Alan I was on the cliff that day. He'd think I—I cared about this Diana person. He might even think I didn't trust him after this. It makes everything so—so sordid to put them into words. He wouldn't believe that I don't make any difference to me, Bunny."

The little man nodded slowly, eyes steadfast on the radiance on her face. "I know," he muttered. "Nothing ever could make any difference with you, Helen. You're a one-man woman, and the man Alan. No, we've got to think of some way to explain your being at Dover. Couldn't you have been—er—looking at the view, or picking flowers, or seeing my sister off to France? Do you know I'm frightened at my own cleverness sometimes."

[Continued on page 35]



The Law in HER HANDS



CAST

Mary Wentworth
Dorothy Davis
Robert Mitchell
Frank Gordon
Eddie
Harry Morton

MARGARET LINDSAY
GLENDA FARRELL
WARREN HULL
LYLE TALBOT
EDDIE ACUFF
EDDIE SHUCKERT

Fictionized from the
WARNER BROS. PICTURE

Original story by
GEORGE BRICKER

Screen play by
GEORGE BRICKER and LUCI WARD

MARY WENTWORTH—as pretty a woman lawyer as any admitted to the bar—stared at Bob Mitchell unbelievably. Mary loved Bob. His lean handsome face, his curly hair and brown eyes, fascinated her as no other masculine face ever had. But, at the moment, her eyes were angry. Her breath was coming quickly. She was staring at him as if he were a stranger.

"You mean to tell me," she was saying, "That you had the judge assign me to this case to give me a break—the break I need, and then you got a confession from my client—so I couldn't win! What kind of a break is that?"

"Now listen, Mary," Bob said, coming closer to her and catching her hands in his. "I wanted to discourage you, my dear. Because I want you to give up this law stuff and marry me. Why don't you give it up, kid? After all, you know, a smart lawyer knows when he's whipped. And you're a smart enough lawyer to know that—"

With her hands in his like this, with him so near to her, Mary could never think straight. He could make her heart beat faster than it ever had before. Could make her forget everything but the fact that she wanted him.

She fought against the feeling silently. Quietly she withdrew her hands from his. She stole her heart.

"I'm not whipped, Bob!" She said, her voice vibrating with anger. "I'll show you I can succeed as a lawyer—no matter how you try to discourage me by cheap tricks like the one you just pulled." She stared at him, her eyes ice. "I'll call on my client, Mr. Assistant District Attorney, in spite of the confession you got from him. Maybe," she paused a moment, staring at Bob as if weighing him. "Maybe I can think up a better trick

than the one you played on me. Maybe I can think of a trick which will set my client free." She laughed harshly. "You've always told me the law is mostly a question of tricks—"

"But listen, Mary. Calling on him won't do any good. Harry Morton, that's his name, is just a cheap racketeer. His written and signed confession is something you can't fool with. I've got him cinched." He came close to her again, caught her slim wrists once more. "Give up this work, Mary. Give it up—and marry me!"

Her expression did not change. Again she withdrew her hands from his. "I'm going to make good, Bob. Nothing you can say will change me." Her lovely face turned away from his eager one. "You tricked me, Bob. From now on we're enemies—until I make good! Goodbye!"

Her dismissal was utterly cold. He stared at her for a moment in silence. "Goodbye!" She repeated. "Goodbye Mr. Assistant District Attorney. I can't give you any more time. I have to get busy—and think up some tricks!"

He still stared at her. Then, as though realizing how deadly earnest she was, he picked up his hat. "Okay," he said, turned then and strode from the room. She stared after him. For the moment the woman in her got the upper hand. "Bob! Bob!" she cried

ROMANTIC



"Why don't you admit this job has you licked?" Bob demanded. "Give it up, Mary, and be my wife"

mentally. "Oh, Bob, I love you, my dear—but I must show you I can make good. It means so much to me. So much, my dear—"

SMOTHERING her emotional feelings, Mary called up Dot Davis, her law partner. Rapidly she told Dot of Bob's visit and what it meant.

"Bob did it just to discourage me," she ended up bitterly. "But it didn't work. I want you to get a camera, a blackjack and meet me at the jail. I'm going to interview my client—even though he has made a confession."

"But Mary," came Dot's voice, "what good will that do?" "Leave it to me," Mary insisted. "Just bring the blackjack and the camera—and have Eddie come along." Eddie was a process server who hung around Dot because her blonde hair fascinated him. And also because he wanted to do what he could to help the struggling girl lawyers get along.

Harry Morton, the gangster Mary had been appointed counsel for, was not very glad to see her.

MOVIE STORIES

"Tell Mary her tricks will get her thrown out of the profession," Bob warned Dot

"I don't want a woman mouthpiece," he growled, his ugly face even more surly than usual. "The District Attorney promised to let me off easy if I signed a confession. I signed it, so I won't need you—"

Mary smiled. "Maybe you think you don't need me, but you do." She turned to Eddie. "Got that camera with you?"

Eddie nodded and produced it and while the amused Harry Morton blinked in surprise Mary took his picture from several angles. Then, at a nod from Mary, Eddie brought the blackjack down solidly on Harry's tough skull and the fellow slumped to the floor without a sound.

Then, while Harry was unconscious, Mary did a really elaborate and artistic job on him with lipstick and eyebrow pencil. When she had finished, Harry seemed to have been battered into insensibility. He had a black eye, thanks to markings from the eyebrow pencil. His hair was mussed up and the lipstick had left what appeared to be livid bruises on his face.

The job done, Mary turned back with her camera. Took more pictures of the apparently badly battered gangster. Then she restored Harry Morton to consciousness. Surprisingly enough, when she explained to him what she intended to do with the set of "before and after" pictures she had taken, a wide smile broke on his ugly features. "It was worth it, lady," he grinned. "A bump on the conk never bothered me. I wish you luck."

MARY appeared in court two days later. Mary's summing up of the case was masterly: "In summing up, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I wish to call your attention to the conclusive evidence of brutality used in getting the so-called confession from my client. You have heard my client testify that he was brutally beaten by the District Attorney's men and forced to sign a confession. You have seen photographic evidence substantiating his claim. I am certain that each of you in considering this case will weigh the evidence carefully. The defense rests—"

The law profession or her sweetheart's arm!
Which should Mary choose when the lives
of three hang on the decision she must make?

On her way to the defense counsel table she had to pass close to Bob Mitchell.

"You'll never get away with it!" he said between clenched teeth.

Her eyes lingered on his handsome face for a moment before she spoke. He was so stubborn—so cocksure.

"The law is a tricky business, Mr. Prosecutor," she said quietly as she passed on.

That evening the newspapers carried a big headline: *Woman Lawyer Defends Morton—He Goes Free.*

The next morning, to Mary's surprise, she received a letter enclosing a check. The amount of the check was \$2500.00. But the surprising thing was that the check was signed by Owen Gordon, ace racketeer.

Waving it above her head she showed it to Dot.

"From Gordon!" she cried. "For defending Morton."

Dot's blue eyes were goggling as she stared at the check. "Owney Gordon!" she said, her mouth dropping further and further open. "Are you going to accept it, Mary? Gordon is the biggest racketeer in town!"

"Yes, yes, I know," Mary said quickly. She stared thoughtfully out the window. "I'd turn the money down," she said at last, "but I've got to make good, Dot. Goodness knows we tried hard enough without having people like Gordon as clients, but—"

Her voice became hard now. "What good did it do? The one case which might have made a name for us was lost—because the attorney for the insurance company pulled a fast one! And that poor kid who was knocked down by the car didn't get a dime!" She jumped suddenly to her feet. "Sure I'm going to take Gordon's money. And when I've shown the world—and Mr. Bob Mitchell—that I can be a successful lawyer—tricks and all—I'll quit. Not before!"

"Oh baby!" Dot cried, throwing her arms around her partner. "That's swell! You'll be the greatest lawyer of all time, kid—!"

That was the beginning. Within a few weeks Mary and Dot moved from their stuffy office, disposed of the second-hand furniture, and became established in a modern, luxurious place. Clients were coming thick and fast to Mary now—her most famous and best paying client being Owney Gordon. Owney thought Mary was the cleverest and most worthwhile lawyer he'd ever had. He also thought that she was an amazingly pretty woman. But whenever he mentioned that Mary nanaged to change the subject. Even if Owney hadn't been a racketeer Mary wouldn't have been interested.

There was still only one man in the

world for her. She didn't see much of him these days—and never socially. Sometimes she wondered if she hadn't been wrong in choosing the course she laid. Wondered if she wouldn't have been happier as Bob's wife—living in a small apartment on his not-very-large income. It would have been fun, fixing up that apartment. And fun, too, cooking Bob's meals for him. She could imagine their happy evenings together. Bob might be studying his law books. She could imagine his rumpiling his hair. He always did when he was intent on something. And sometimes she'd rumple it for him—before he got a chance to.

The phone on her desk rang. With a jerk Mary brought her thoughts back to the present. There was a mist in her eyes.

"Mr. Bob Mitchell to see you, Miss Wentworth," came the voice of Mary's switchboard girl.

MARY'S heart leaped. Then sank. Had he come to tell her he was glad over her success. Or—? She had him sent in at once. She was thrilled when he came into the room and stood staring at her, obvious admiration in his face.

"Mary! Gee, it's good to see you! You're looking swell!"

She lit a cigarette—he did not want him to realize how upset she was just because he'd come to see her. "Thanks, Bob. And you, too." She pitched the dead match into a waste basket.

"And how's the First Assistant District Attorney?"

"Swell!" He paused, threw a quick glance around the luxurious office. "I don't have to ask you how you're doing." He paused, again, came forward and sat down in the visitor's chair beside her desk. "Listen, Mary," he said in a low tone now, "I know all this is impressive. But you can't keep it up, you know. You're riding for a fall—being a lawyer for these gangsters." He paused again, then went on. "Your luck won't always be good, Mary. If you ever fail these crooks you'll end up in a ditch somewhere—"

Mary had risen. Her dark eyes were flashing danger signals. Bob took no notice.

"Marry me, Mary," he said quickly. "Marry me and let me take you out of the whole thing. We can be happy together. This isn't success that you've got. Not real success—"

"Wait!" Her voice cut like a whip. Bob stopped. Mary sat on the edge of the desk, looked at him, her eyes cold. "So this isn't success, eh?"

He shook his head. "No, I don't think so. Getting off crooks and racketeers with a series of cheap theatrical tricks. That isn't success, Mary—"

"I've seen you use tricks, Mr. Assistant District Attorney!"

"Yes, but that's different—!"

Mary, looking at him, felt a lump in her throat. At the same time she was angry. If only he'd admit she'd made a success. If he'd had the grace to admit that—well, she might have done anything. Might [Continued on page 69]

"I don't want to kill you," Gordon growled, "but your boy friend will have to be put out of the way."

"This photo proves my client was tortured," Mary lied

NEW BEACH TOGS!

This canary yellow suit worn by Martha Tibbetts features the new shirred bodice line

Martha Tibbetts takes a day off to enjoy the warm summer sunshine

Martha Tibbetts, popular Columbia star frolics on the beach in a smart light blue Catelina swim suit

A sunbath to please the cameraman who made a neat back shot of Martha's yellow Catelina suit

Under the water in a striking navy blue and white polka dot suit from the new Catelina collection



The GIRL from Mandalay



Jeanie's heart beat horribly fast at the discovery. She had known this smiling man in Mandalay

John had picked her from love's bargain counter. Jeanie knew that handsome Englishmen unless they are drunk or have been jilted, don't marry café girls in Mandalay as he had married her

THE old steamer coughed and wheezed its way up the Rangoon river. It was early morning. The heat of the day—the awful, never-ending tropical heat—was only a threat at the moment. A girl stood against an open cabin door. She leaned her dark head against the framework and stared out into the river, her brown eyes alive with a happiness which was coursing through her veins like an old wine. Hers was a strange face. Strange because of its rare beauty and strange because of something else, too. There were tiny little lines of hardness around her big and generous mouth. And in spite of the happiness shining in her eyes those great brown eyes somehow looked as if recently they had known sadness, too. Not only sadness—bitterness. The girl looked as if she had been through some sort of hell, and yet somehow managed to keep something fine about her spirit through it all. That was Jeanie Barton. That was the real Jeanie Barton—ex-Mandalay café girl.

CAST

Jeanie KAY LINAKER
John Foster CONRAD NAGEL
Kennedy Grainger DONALD COOK
Mary Trevor ESTHER RALSTON
Trevor HARRY STUBBS
Bongai JACK SANTOS
Oswald JOE BAUTISTA

Directed by
HOWARD BRETHRON

Screen play by
WELLYN TOTMAN and
ENDRE NOHEN

From the novel *Tiger Valley* by
REGINALD CAMPBELL

And Mandalay is a town whose reputation—among people who like to feel that they're respectable—is usually accompanied with eyebrow raising. It's a town of cafés and saloons and men and café girls. Men from the teak wood district who come there for relaxation and to escape the everlasting monotony of the jungle. The café girls come from—God knows where!

The Jeanie those men knew was a different person. All they saw was an alluring body which made them long to put their hands on her. All they saw was a laughing face with pearly teeth. Only one had been different and now she was his wife, John Foster, manager of Teakwood District No. 4, of the great MacIntyre Lumber Co. He was standing beside her now on the boat—tall and straight and handsome. Looking at her he

A
REPUBLIC
PICTURE



Her world tottering, Jeanie saw the red come into John's cheeks at the unexpected sight of Mrs. Trevor. What had this woman been to him?

smiled. "It's a hell of a place," he said, a smile of bitter experience curving his mouth. "I hope you won't regret coming."

The girl thung her head back and smiled into his eyes. She didn't know anyone could love as she loved her John.

"Any place is a paradise—with you," she said in her rich voice.

He caught her hand and pressed it. The captain of the old river boat came sauntering along the deck. Bowled to the couple.

"I suppose you and your new wife will be staying a few days in Cha Kum, Mr. Foster," he said conversationally. "So that Mrs. Foster can meet the ladies of the English colony there?"

John Foster did not answer at once. Jeanie, idly watching him, was surprised to see a shadow cross his face. For a moment or two he didn't speak. Then he said slowly:

"No, we're getting off at Sarloo landing. You stop there this afternoon, don't you?"

"Why, yes, Mr. Foster. But people don't usually get off—"

"I know," John Foster spoke decisively, quickly. "I know. But it's time I got back to my district. We can make better time from Sarloo."

The captain nodded. "Very good, Mr. Foster."

Jeanie turned her head away. Some of the happiness had

gone out of her eyes. Her husband was avoiding Cha Kum deliberately, she felt. Why? Because he didn't want his English compatriots there to meet her? She shuddered away from the idea. She wasn't going to let anything spoil this newfound happiness.

NOT many women have been very thrilled with the rude bungalow on stilts in the compound to which John led her. All around them the jungle spread with its million noises—like a muted, more sinister, noise of a big city. But to Jeanie no ivy-covered cottage could have been more lovable. For this was to be her home. The home where she, as Mrs. John Foster, was going to live from now on and forget what was past. The home she'd do her best to make a happy one forever.

What cared she if there were no other white people beside themselves for many miles? What cared she if the jungle did surround them—if the heat was oppressive and wearing? To be here, with her John, was, as she had said, paradise.

Any place would be paradise after life in that Mandalay café. And, if she could do anything to make her husband's home more of a paradise, she would. It was no wonder she loved him so. Her love was tinged with gratitude—gratitude that he had taken her away from Mandalay. She did not ask why he had done it. Did not question why this tall, bronzed



John shook his head. "No, don't get the doctor. I love you and I'm staying on board."

Englishman from the Teakwood country should marry her. It was enough that he had, or that she would have come without marriage.

She and John had a happy breakfast the next morning. Together, above the jungle in their little haven, they sat and lingered over their cigarettes and coffee. The spell, however, was suddenly broken by a voice—an English, masculine voice—crying "Hallo, there!" from below.

Jeanie jumped to her feet. "Good Heavens, John," she said. "You didn't tell me you had neighbors. I'll go and get into something proper at once." She had been wearing her negligee.

As she took off her negligee and put on her crisp linen suit, she could hear John talking to the other man. John was saying, "Tigers! That means trouble. You know how the natives dread them—"

Jeanie shuddered. Tigers! A sudden picture of a tiger jumping on John and tearing him apart filled her mind. She felt sick at the thought. There were some things about this paradise which weren't pleasant. In fact which were horrible.

When she came back into the living room she stopped dead in the doorway. A tall, slim, too-familiar man was seated on the rattan couch—a glass of whiskey in his hand.

He got to his feet at once. "I was just telling John I thought him too much of a puritan to have fun. I guess I was wrong." The man came forward. Jeanie's heart was beating horribly fast. It was Kenneth Grainger—whom she had known in Mandalay!

"Don't we know each other?" Grainger was saying stupidly. "I'm sure I remember you. The name is—" He paused, thinking, "Amy? No, Jane? I have it!" He suddenly snapped his fingers. "It's Jeanie!"

She shot a quick glance at her husband. His face was a mask—cold and obviously angry. It was clear that Grainger had mistaken the situation. That he thought Jeanie was here as John's mistress.

"Grainger!" John spoke at last. His voice was strained. "This is my wife!"

The other man stepped back. "Oh," he said involuntarily. "Oh, er—congratulations! Congratulations to both of you!" For a moment there was an awkward pause. Then Grainger rushed on. "Doesn't this call for another drink?" Jeanie, glad of the chance to break the tension, went to pour it for him. Grainger turned to Foster. "I'm going after that tiger, Foster. Want to join me?"

"No thanks. I'll be busy digging pits around the village to trap the beast. More chance of getting them that way."

"But not much sport." There was something of a sneer in Grainger's voice.

"I'm more interested in common sense than sport, Grainger." The other man had taken his drink from Jeanie. He downed

it at almost a single gulp. "Have it your way," he said. "But when I come back this way again I'll bring the cat's skin as a present for your wife. It'll make a nice rug. So long."

THE moment he'd gone Foster turned on Jeanie. "Where did you meet Grainger?" He asked, his voice full of bitter suspicion.

Inside, Jeanie was trembling. Her heart was beating horribly. She was afraid—afraid that if John started doubting her she might someday lose him. She knew her best chance was to appear calm.

"I met him in Mandalay, I suppose," she said.

Her husband, however, misunderstood her tone. "Don't you ever *remember!*!" he said savagely, as if he were thinking that there must have been a great many men in Jeanie's life.

The girl stepped back as though he had struck her. For a moment or two she couldn't speak, his implication had cut and hurt her so. She felt strangled and breathless.

"You can't—" She started to say and then her voice trailed off. She could only stare at him.

She saw his expression gradually change. Saw the look come into his eyes which he always

had when he was near her. It was the look of desire. She wondered if that was all the feeling he had for her—and felt a little sick. Didn't he love her at all? When she loved him so much—?

"I'm sorry I said that." He had caught her arm now. Was looking into her eyes.

She was rigid. "It doesn't matter," Jeanie answered. Her face was hard and wooden. "Now I know why you wouldn't stop in Cha Kum. You were ashamed of introducing the Mandalay girl to your friends!"

"That's not true. It was because I had to get back—"

Slowly she took his bronzed hand off her white arm. "You're lying," she said. "Well, marriage isn't a one way street. Boats go down stream as well as up."

Suddenly he caught her to him with both his strong arms. "Jeanie! No. I can't let you go! Jeanie!"

She looked up into the handsome face peering down into hers. She could feel his heart beating. Could feel his strong arms trembling with suppressed passion. She was still rigid. She wished she didn't love him. It wouldn't matter then.

"Honeymoons come to an end," she said slowly. "Ours has—"

She smiled bitterly. "Too bad. I was somehow hoping—" She didn't finish the sentence. Her remark was quite lost on John, however. He merely caught her closer. "Don't go, Jeanie. Please don't go—!"

That night it took a long time for Jeanie to go to sleep. She kept thinking of John. If he couldn't trust her—well, it meant only one thing. He didn't love her. He couldn't. Why? Was it because he had brought her out of Mandalay? Or was it because there was someone else?

If there were someone else—Jeanie shuddered. Oh, she couldn't lose him. She couldn't!

Already the bungalow on stilts—castle in the air, Jeanie called it—had taken on a new appearance. Little knock-knocks been placed here and there. And now the girl from Mandalay was working on some new curtains which would give the place an even cosier appearance.

As she stitched away next afternoon she was suddenly startled to see a woman come into the room in riding habit. Tall, imperious and beautiful she stared at Jeanie as much surprised as she.

"Oh," she said. "I was looking for John. Is he here?" Jeanie put down her work and didn't speak for a moment.

Who was this woman who walked so blithely into John's home? "He's helping dig the tiger pits," she said at last. "Is there anything I can do for you? I'm his wife."

"Wife?"

Without waiting to be invited, the other woman sat down and lit a cigarette with a certain air of defiance.

"Really?" She said in her [Continued on page 47]

BEAUTY for YOU

ANN SOTHERN'S BEAUTY SECRETS

By

Helen Kirk



Ann
Southern,
RKO Star

"SUMMER SKIN is the enemy of many girls' beauty," revealed lovely Ann Southern, "but when girls carelessly neglect to protect their skin, they can't expect to have a beautiful, transparent complexion."

Ann certainly is qualified to give us advice on skin care, for she arrived in New York with a petal-smooth complexion that showed no signs of disaster from the California sunshine she enjoys the year around.

"I always apply nourishing cream generously to my face, arms and neck when I'm preparing for a sunbath or plunge into the sea. As a matter of fact, I usually look like a grease-ball," this charming RKO star told me. Grease-ball or not, Ann has never suffered from a dry, scaly skin, so you'll be a wise little gal if you follow her advice.

This brown haired beauty, with discerning eyes of grey, is five feet one-and-a-half inches tall and weighs one hundred and twelve pounds. She adores tennis, golf and riding and indulges in these sports frequently. She doesn't care particularly for swimming, but she does like sunbaths followed by cool showers.

Ann believes that her face should have as much exercise as the rest of her body. One of her favorite facial exercises is to briskly pat a special astringent into each lower jaw—avoiding the under part of the chin. "This treatment wards off a double chin and keeps the tissues of your throatline firm," Ann says. "Every girl should take this facial exercise each night after she cleanses her face."

Ann always uses a cream foundation

for her make-up during the winter, but in summer her make-up becomes lighter and she favors a mild skin tonic before applying her powder.

During our recent interview Miss Southern revealed one of the startling beauty secrets of Hollywood stars. When they are dressing for the cocktail hour or dinner dance they use a lilac face powder. This unusual new shade gives the complexion a beautiful tone which does not fade under electric lights. The powder itself is of excellent quality and its texture is just right. There are two sizes available at \$1.75 and \$3.00.

"My evening make-up also includes eyeshadow in violet, black mascara and lipstick with violet undertones. I seldom use rouge in the evening. Of course," she continued, "my daytime make-up is distinctly different. I use powder in the rich, creamy tones of banana, grey-blue eyeshadow, brown mascara and an orange-red rouge and lipstick."

Like many other of your favorite stars, Ann has had her hair dyed back to its natural shade of brown. Her lovely locks, which she wears straight on the top, with the ends permanently waved, radiate a beautiful sheen that she acquires through daily brushing.

She suggests an entirely new idea in shampoos. Twice a month she has

QUESTIONS PLEASE!

Miss Helen Kirk, formerly of the New York stage, author of accepted books on beauty culture, welcomes your questions on the subject of which she is an authority.

Do you want more detailed information for your own particular beauty problems?

Do you want the trade names of toilet preparations referred to in the following article?

Simply write to Miss Helen Kirk, ROMANTIC MOVIE STORIES, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y., and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a personal reply. (U. S. postage only.)

Miss Kirk will be glad to help you.

the "wet" shampoo—which is, of course, the kind that you and I have every week. The other two weeks each month she has a "dry" shampoo, which consists of a special powder treatment and thorough brushing. The powder is sprinkled into your hair and then brushed out. The brushing requires nearly an hour to complete the treatment. But, it leaves your scalp scrupulously clean and tingling with vitality—and your hair gorgeously lustrous. I'll be glad to send you more information about this special scalp and hair treatment.

Ann's beautifully manicured nails were tinted with a lovely new shade of polish which harmonized so well with her coloring and ensemble. "I use a darker polish during the summer than I do in winter," she told me. "I think that a girl's hand make-up should vary with the seasons—as well as her facial make-up."

She has a professional manicure once a week and a pedicure every two weeks.

Ann revealed another very excellent beauty hint. "Stretch your way to beauty," she says. "Stretching exercises can do more for your figure than all the diets you can think of in a lifetime."

"Of course," continued Miss Southern, "health is very important to beauty. I advise plenty of outdoor exercises and long walks. Eight hours sleep each night, a well balanced diet, and sufficient water should be in your daily schedule of life."

Ann's smile also reveals a personality that is filled with sincerity and good fellowship. She not only makes friends easily—but keeps them—which is [Continued on page 38]

Take the Guesswork out of your permanent wave...



Did you ever stop to think that your hair is just as individual as your fingerprint? You know, of course, that some hair is oily—other hair dry; that there is elastic—porous—brittle—coarse—fine—strong and weak hair, as well as many other types. And to insure absolute success of your Permanent Wave... the material used must be scientifically correct for your particular type of hair.

Would you like to take the guesswork out of your next Permanent? Of course, you would. And you can for the first time you can be sure before you enter your favorite beauty shop that—

1. Your hair has been scientifically and microscopically tested for tensile strength, quality and texture.
2. The material used for your wave is exactly right for your type of hair.
3. The solution and pads used on your head are your own personal property—fresh and clean.
4. That you have taken every precaution to insure perfect satisfaction with your next Permanent.

HAIR SERVICE, INC. offers you, FREE... this scientific test of your hair. Simply cut a small strand of your hair, and send it to us. We agree to diagnose and analyze your hair and will send you a personal permanent wave unit, consisting of the proper solution for your hair and 36 permanent wave pads! More than enough for most heads. Take them to your favorite beauty shop and be assured that the materials used are comparable with those used in giving most \$20.00 permanents—that they are hygienically safe, and can be used with practically any permanent wave machine.

Remember... you pay only \$1.00 for the solution and pads. The personal scientific analysis is FREE. You may pay postman if you prefer.

HAIR SERVICE, INC.

321 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Please scientifically analyze enclosed strand of my hair.
☐ Enclosed find \$1.00 for personal permanent wave material.
☐ I will pay postman \$1.00, plus postage, on receipt of personal permanent wave material.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

My hair is ☐ Bobbed ☐ Loose ☐ Dyed
☐ Bleached ☐ Natural Shade

The Princess Comes Across

[Continued from page 15]

would spend the morning in the ship's gymnasium.

Olga was almost cheerful again as she pulled at the oars of her rowing machine. She suppressed a smile as she watched Gertrude's ample form jogging away on a mechanical horse.

But as the door opened and King sauntered in, Gertrude dismounted. "Mr. Mandini, I should like to talk to you."

He grinned and nodded. "In justice to Her Highness I must explain about last night," Gertrude began. Smiling sweetly to his belated "Hello," Olga watched him covertly.

"No doubt you've assumed that this—

Darcy—was black-mailing Her Highness," Gertrude went on. "But that's not true." She paused dramatically. "I myself was his victim."

"You? Well, well—" King's tone was politely mocking.

"Yes," Gertrude clutched tragically at her bosom.

"Years ago when I was a young married woman I committed an indiscretion. By some foul means Darcy learned of it. Truly, the woman pays—"

Her weak, sentimental eyes watered with emotion.

"Yes, darling," Olga giggled. "I am sure Mr. Mandini understands."

Gertrude blew her nose violently. "And then last night Her Highness came to the rescue. She even gave Darcy a ring from her finger—"

King was quick on the uptake. He nodded. "And you want me to retrieve this ring before the detectives find it."

"If it's possible," Gertrude beamed.

King bowed to Olga. "Please don't worry Princess, your ring is as good as in my pocket right now."

Her lashes fluttered and a blush tinged her cheeks at the smoldering flame in his eyes.

"The Captain's compliments," a purser interrupted. "Dr. Steindorf has solved the mystery and will announce the name of the murderer at eight o'clock. He has requested Your Highness and Mr. Mandini to come to his state room five minutes earlier."

Olga's heart skipped a frightened beat. "It is a most peculiar request—but we will come."

King gripped her arm. "Come on Princess," he said fiercely. "It'll be all right."

At his touch, she felt dread vanish. Mov-

ing a degree closer, she shyly slipped her fingers into his palm.

AT PRECISELY 7:55, King and Olga stood before the door of Steindorf's cabin. Curiously, it was unlatched. Momentarily hesitant, King swung it inward.

Choking back a scream, Olga fell back at the sight that met their eyes. Steindorf, the German police official, was lying on the floor, barely breathing. As in Darcy's case, there was a scissoring in Steindorf's chest.

"Who did it? Who did it?" King begged of him frantically.

A shadowy figure was outlined just beyond the door. Then it disappeared.

"Did you see that?" Olga breathed, almost believing she had imagined it. "Who do you think—"

King nodded somberly. "I wonder."

Not until the Captain arrived with the two other detectives, Lorel and Cragg, did the dying man disclose any clue. Then with his last breath, he gasped, "...pass-ports—"

It meant less than nothing to any of them.

"Pardon Monsieur," Lorel said, poising on King without warning. "You touched nothing—moved nothing—"

"No, I came straight to Steindorf from the door."

"Monsieur," Lorel said, stepping closer to King, "in the United States you served a term in prison, did you not?"

Olga's eyes dilated and an iron hand clamped over her throat.

"Not for murder," King rasped.

Cragg now turned to Olga courteously. "May

I suggest that Your Highness and Mr. Mandini be excused from the investigation for the time being?"

Nodding her thanks, she fled. Once in the corridor however, repressed sobs clutched at her throat. King—a jailbird, a criminal. She should never have encouraged him.

Gertrude was finishing her third highball as Olga stood at the portmanteau, gazing blankly over the water.

"It's the finish, Gerrie," she said. "Goodbye Hollywood. We can't stand investigation and with Steindorf dead—"

Gertrude raised her glass aloft again. "But you are innocent and truth crushed to the earth shall rise again! A hiccup squeaked from her. "Pardon me."

TABLOID TIPS

**Olivia
de Havilland**

Born in Tokio, Japan, 1916, of English parents... Sleeps fourteen hours a day when free of work... Got her chance in pictures when a Max Reinhardt scout saw her play the rôle of Puck in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*... Collaps... Was sent to understudy rôle of Hermia in Reinhardt's production in the Hollywood and Gloria Stuart, who was to play Hermia, was recalled to studio... Olivia stepped into role and scored... Result was film test at Warner studio to play *Hermia*... Sensational in *Captain Blood*... New headed for big starring rôle... Max thought she would be a teacher, possibly an author... Can sketch a little and tries to write poetry... Plays the piano but doesn't sing or dance... Fancy swimmer and diver... Starries Hollywood with ocean dips during blarney when weather is unseasonable for swimming... Five feet, four inches in height... Weighs one hundred and seven pounds... Has reddish hair and brown eyes... Declares she has no romance, that romance and pictures do not mix... Plans to postpone romance until after she is finished with pictures as a career... Max habit of wrinkling her nose when perplexed or laughing... Habit has won her nickname of "Bunny"... Severed love letters, programs, items reminiscent of important or pleasant events... Likes wine and enter in Hollywood... Has no beauty secrets but goes plenty of exercise, including stunts, badminton, horseback riding... Can't cook but has fine waitresses, corn on the cob and cold French lamb chops dipped in sals.



**THEY ALWAYS SAY
THEY WANT SOMEONE
WITH MORE
EXPERIENCE...**

**-BUT THAT
WASN'T
THE REAL
REASON
SHE COULDN'T
GET
A JOB**

THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR TELLING ME ABOUT THESE JOBS, MRS. WHITE - I'LL START RIGHT IN TRYING TO LAND ONE, TOMORROW -



NEXT DAY

I'M SORRY, MISS BAKER, BUT I THINK MRS. WHITE MISUNDERSTOOD ME - WE REALLY NEED SOMEONE WITH MORE EXPERIENCE

I COULDN'T TAKE ON A GIRL WITH PIMPLES LIKE THAT!



NEXT WEEK

NO, MRS. WHITE - I HAVEN'T HAD ANY LUCK! I CAN'T SEEM TO PUT MYSELF ACROSS. I WISH I KNEW WHAT...

MY DEAR, I'M GOING TO BE VERY PERSONAL. I THINK THE TROUBLE MAY BE YOUR SKIN. HAVE YOU EVER TRIED EATING FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST TO CLEAR UP THOSE PIMPLES?



LATER

MOTHER - I'VE GOT A JOB! IT'S WHERE ALICE WORKS - AND SHE SAYS ONE REASON THEY TOOK ME WAS BECAUSE THEY LIKED MY LOOKS! I MUST TELL / MRS. WHITE!!

AND BE SURE TO THANK HER AGAIN FOR TELLING YOU ABOUT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST!



SAY, MISS BAKER I'VE GOT STILL ANOTHER TRADE- LAST FOR YOU -

JIMMY, ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE NOT MAKING UP ALL THE NICE THINGS YOU TELL ME?



Don't let Adolescent Pimples be a handicap to YOU

AFTER the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer—many young people are troubled by pimples.

During these years, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin and pimples break out.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is often prescribed to help get rid of adolescent pimples. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then —pimples go!

Eat 3 cakes daily—one about 1/4 hour before each meal. Eat it *regularly*—plain, or in a little water—until your skin clears. Start today!

**—clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants
out of the blood**

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Is Your Hair AS BEAUTIFUL AS ROSINA LAWRENCE'S?



ROSINA LAWRENCE
20th CENTURY FOX STAR

Choose one of Duart's Hollywood Hairstyles and your hair can be as lovely and alluring as that of any star

It's the truth! A screen star's coiffure is her ONE personal feature that you can copy exactly. First, send for the FREE book of Duart's screen star coiffures. Then, take it to your hairdresser and do just as the lovely stars themselves do—demand a genuine Duart Permanent Wave. Duart is the only wave endorsed by the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild. The distinguished members of the Guild are responsible for the beauty care of each and every star in all Hollywood Studios. Their highly prized beauty advice has brought glamour and allure to many a star. No matter what type or color hair you have, a Duart Permanent Wave will bring you new and radiant loveliness.

Remember to ask for your SEALED package of Duart waving pads for your next permanent.

DEMAND THIS SEALED PACKAGE FOR A GENUINE DUART WAVE



Brighten Your Hair with Duart Rinse
Choose from 12 beautiful shades. No dye—no bleach. Rinses the hair "sparkly clean" and adds a touch of sunlight. Send 10 cents for a full 2-litre package and the FREE book of Duart's Screen Star Coiffures. See coupon.

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PERMANENT WAVES

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DUART, 984 Folsom Street, San Francisco, Calif. Enclosed find 10c and the shade of rinse marked and copy of your booklet. "Hollywood Culture for 1936."

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

DUART WAVES ARE THE CHOICE OF THE HOLLYWOOD STARS

NEW TYPE CREME OVERNIGHT

by DORIS DUMONT

HELP! I'm becoming hysterical. Phones ring, photographers dash in and out, mail pours in by the bagful, four secretaries work at racing speed to keep up. Who would have thought the introduction of this new type creme made from milk would have caused such a tidal wave of interest. Excuse me if I sound breathless and confused. The magazine has just wired, "Where is your article—are you late," so I'm writing this and eating a three o'clock sandwich at the same time (no lunch today), for this copy must make the next air mail.

BEAUTY editors of famous magazines and newspapers all over the country are writing, wiring and telephoning for information to give their readers on this, the first beauty creme ever made from milk. At the same time, stars, social celebrities, and hundreds of others just like yourself, dear reader, are writing in to say that never in all their lives have they used any creme, lotion or soap, that produced such marvelous results—and so quickly. I'm not good at autology or fortune telling but I predict right here and



BELOW: Katharine Burke, famed "Faster Woman" of the screen, removing her makeup with Creme of Milk.



now that Creme of Milk—that's the name of this new type creme, will revolutionize the whole face beauty industry. As you perhaps know there are thousands of brands of face creme, but never before in all the world has anyone succeeded in making a face creme from pure, fresh, dairy milk. Let me pause here and give you briefly the reasons why Creme of Milk is such an overnight sensation.

MILK has been famous as the Number 1 skin beautifier for thousands (yes, thousands!) of years. Scientists have now found out why. Milk contains certain delicate oils that are very closely related to the natural oils of the human skin. You see both the milk oils and the skin's own oil are produced by the same natural process—glandular secretion.

THESE milk oils can penetrate the outer skin tissue and the pores more quickly and

BEAUTY IS SENSATION!



BELOW: Edith Hahner, Guild member and kind of the Hairstyle Department at MGM-Goldwyn-Morris, says: "Even Klara Hollywood has never seen any creme in equal Creme of Milk."

more deeply than any face creme ever known before. Besides, the milk oils have a revitalizing effect on the skin and bothersome blackheads, clogged pores, dryness, roughness, oiliness and other skin surface troubles are quickly banished.

THE skin specialist explains it this way. Ordinary cremes, lotions or soaps remove the natural oil from the skin at the same time the dirt and makeup are removed. Thus, almost every woman today is bringing on skin trouble by actually stripping her skin for natural oil. Prove this to yourself, the specialist says, by comparing the skin on your face with the skin on other parts of your own body.

REPLACE the lost natural oil and you will quickly win back the natural beauty of your complexion. It's as simple and easy as that. But then, aren't all the best things really simple?

STORES everywhere are being supplied with Creme of Milk as fast as possible but production is far behind. Best thing to do is write direct to me (I'll hire four more secretaries if I have to) and you'll get your first jar of Creme of Milk by return mail—postage paid. Send fifty cents for regular size jar or \$1 for large economy size. Address your letter to Doris Dumont, Hollywood, Calif. P.S.—Creme of Milk will stay sweet and fresh practically forever.



BELOW: Mrs. Everett Ruess, Hollywood socialite and lovely wife of actress Everett Ruess, snuggled up headquarters of the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild.

BELOW: Maxine Jennings, star of "The Women of the Year," says: "I've never seen any creme in equal Creme of Milk."



BELOW: Maxine Jennings, star of "The Women of the Year," says: "I've never seen any creme in equal Creme of Milk."



AMAZING NEW BEAUTY CREME made from Milk



Milk replaces lost natural oils of the skin—then dryness, blackheads, coarse pores and other blemishes are banished.

No ordinary creme, lotion or soap has ever been able to duplicate the amazing effects of milk on the skin. And now all the beauty benefits of pure fresh dairy milk have been made into a delightful and entirely new type of face creme—Duart's Creme of Milk. This is the quickest, simplest, easiest and most effective beauty treatment ever. Just a minute morning and night. You can almost feel your skin drinking it in. Creme of Milk positively will not grow hair and it will stay sweet and fresh no matter how long the jar sits on your dressing table. Mail our coupon now. You will be delighted and surprised at the thrilling effects Creme of Milk will have on your skin from the very first day.

All Hollywood Praises Creme of Milk

Hollywood's "Supreme Court" of Beauty is officially known as the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild. They are responsible for the beauty care of every STAR in every studio in Hollywood. All 85 of their official members ENDORSE CREME OF MILK, the only face creme they have ever endorsed.

LENORE SARIN, President of the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild and Head of the Permanent Stylist says: "Creme of Milk is truly a NEW TYPE of cream. There is nothing else like it—every star I know is using it to protect the beauty of her skin."

NINA ROBERTS, Vice President of the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild and Head of the United Artists Studio says: "Creme of Milk is the greatest natural discovery of our time. Use it just once and you'll never go back to ordinary cream."



TRY CREME OF MILK for only 10c! Mail Coupon Today to DUART, 984 Folsom St., San Francisco, Calif.

3 enclosed 10c for which please send me ONE regular 20 cent size jar of Creme of Milk.

Name _____
Address _____
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MAE CLARKE

starring in "A House of a Thousand Camels," a Republic Production, says: "Milk has been the finest of all skin beautifiers since the beginning of civilization—and now that science has discovered how to make a beauty creme from milk—every woman can easily enjoy its marvelous effects on the skin."

**DUART'S
creme of milk
all-purpose facial cream**

In 50c and \$1 sizes at your favorite Cosmetic Counter

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"Ask for garments
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It's Stabilized to Resist Runs
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PUT an end to guesswork in buying undergarments! A new, finer rayon fabric has been developed. It is called Spun-lo. And it is stabilized! Made of finest rayon yarns, scientifically controlled to assure absolute evenness of texture and uniform tensile strength. No weak spots to break into runs. And a special process gives it a permanently dull lustre. Get Spun-lo stabilized rayon in all your undergarments. It costs no more. As always, the price depends on styling and workmanship. You'll be amazed to find how long it wears... how beautifully it fits after washing. Also available in men's undergarments.

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Cleveland, Ohio



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WHEN YOU BUY UNDER-
GARMENTS. In ad-
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name of the maker,
look for this label
which identifies the
Spun-lo fabric in
underthings.

Spun-lo 
The Stabilized Rayon Fabric

Olga stared at her, atremble with a dawning idea. Then she dashed for the door.

As she threw open the Captain's cabin door a few moments later, he rose in astonishment. "Your Highness! To what do we owe the honor of—"

Lorel and Cragg sat forward with interest. "Honor!" Olga stormed. "You talk of honor! And you treat a Highness like a criminal!"

"I assure you, Your Highness—"

Her nose was pointed to the ceiling. "If there are any more questions—investigations—we will notify our government, we will demand airplanes, submarines—battleships!"

The Captain blushed, foreseeing international complications. "Battleships!" he croaked. "Highness, I assure you it won't be necessary." He glared at the detectives. "I, personally, will see that you are not bothered any more."

Olga was silent with gleeful triumph. At the door she turned. "Very well. But remember, we are not afraid. Truth crushed to the earth, shall rise again!" She bowed grandly a-la-Geirude, then skipped away.

STILL bubbling over with elation the next morning, she saw King at the rail. Her good spirits evaporated and she tried to slip past him.

He stepped to her side and took her arm. "Listen," he said huskily, "about that poison term—I want to explain."

"There is no need to—"

"But there is. Three years ago I was mistakenly identified as a member of a mob that owned a night club I was working in. It got me a term in prison. Darcy remembered and tried to shake me down."

Her eyes were soft and smoky. "No more please. I should have known I could not be so terribly if it was you," she said from a thankful heart. Her face lengthened however, as the Captain approached.

He displayed a radiogram. "Your Highness, I have just received this message from the owner of the line to proceed with a strict investigation, regardless of rank and person."

"Show a little royal blood, Princess," King whispered sharply. "They haven't counted you out yet." He ignored her startled exclamation and patted her hand.

"I've got an idea."

Back in her suite Olga told Gertrude the news. "They've called our bluff, Gertie. Do you think Mandini can do anything?"

"Yes," Gertrude returned gloomily, "play the concertina."

The telephone tinkled. The Captain's excited voice came over it. "Your Highness? I just wanted to tell you it won't be necessary to radio your government. Mr. Mandini is playing at the ship's concert tonight and he has promised to reveal the name of the murderer immediately afterwards."

Bewildered, Olga hung up. Then, in a vivid flash, she understood. Rushing out of the door, she raced down the corridor to King's cabin.

Without ceremony, she burst in and flung the Captain's message at him accusingly. "Please tell me how you found out."

"I haven't—yet. I'll know by twelve tonight. Steindorf said he knew, didn't he?"

"And then he was killed," she replied in a dead voice.

King shrugged. "He was out of luck. All I've got to do is stay alive—and then tell 'em who tried to kill me. A cinch."

"But—but you're doing this for me and—"

Suddenly, she was saying things she had never dreamed of uttering. "King, I can't let you put yourself on a spot, thinking you're doing it for a fairy princess. You see I'm not—"

"Okay, Wanda," King answered quietly. "Your real name's inside your ring," he added as she stared at it in rosy confusion. "I found the ring but didn't give it to you because I wanted you to tell me yourself."

A surging tide of rapture overwhelmed her. He loved her, she thought with aged gladness, loved her as she loved him. And so was doubly precious. "But you can't take this risk just to clear me. I'll go to the Captain! I'll tell him everything."

King was thoughtful. "Why, I'm—I'm doing it for *politics*," he said triumphantly. "If you're Princess Olga and I help you out of a spot, it's front page news for me too."

Slowly, she cooled to ice. It was quite clear now. It had all been a commercial setup for him. "I see," she said steadily. "I'm just to be a background for you. And if—you're successful, I'll owe you my life."

"What's wrong with that?" King asked, stepping closer.

"No, thanks," Olga returned, fighting back a surge of tears. "I'll play ball—but if we come clean out of this, you go your way and I go mine."

"Okay, Princess," he said gently as she closed the door after her.

NUMBLY, Olga had listened to King finish his concertina number to enthusiastic applause from the concert audience. Sitting between Gertrude and Lorel, she watched him as he disappeared onto the dimly lighted deck.

Her throat seemed to constrict with a nameless dread. She turned to Lorel, the French police official. "I do not think it is safe for Mr. Mandini to be alone now. Would you—as a favor to all of us—go with him?"

Lorel stood up. "Yes Highness, if the young man will permit."

Smiling mechanically Olga began to pass one of the baskets for the Sailors' Fund donations. Cragg, sitting to her left, made the next donation.

Her eyes riveted on it. It was one of the French hankies she had given Darcy, easily identified because of its dodecagon in the aquarium and the tear in the center.

She took the money to the Captain and in a rush of words explained her suspicions. He heeded to Cragg.

Acquainted with the facts, the latter looked at Olga incredulously. "Why—I won that in a poker game with Lorel and a stranger from Boston."

Olga came to her feet, remembering the figure she had glimpsed just after Steindorf's murder in Petroff's cabin! A disguised criminal! She darted out of the door, with the Captain and Cragg after her.

Stepping into Cabin B-50, she scanned the contents of the room, her senses keyed up. Then her glance lighted on the dresser. It was but a few seconds work to tear loose the cards attached to the under side of the drawer by means of thumb tacks.

Three different passports were revealed, one of a hewskicker Russian labeled Nicolai Petroff, one of Lorel and the third of a mustache face heavily whisked was printed, "Paul Merko"—the escaped murderer thought to be on board.

"Paul Merko!" Olga shrieked and a dreadful shudder ran through her. "Why, this is Lorel, too, and Petroff. They all are Merko!"

Wildly she raced for the deck before any one had the wit to stop her. From one deck to another she sped, searching for King and the desperate criminal she had unwittingly sent to guard him.

Then she saw them. King and Lorel were standing near the rail. There was a sharp gleam of steel in Lorel's hand.

"So Monsieur, you did see me as I left Steindorf's cabin," Lorel was saying coolly. "And it was very clever of you to attempt to trap me into attacking you here. But as you see, it is dark and no one will guess—for the young lady herself sent me."

"Okay," King said softly, "I know you've got me. But just tell me one thing. What happened to the real Lorel?"

The man shrugged. "I was planning to board the boat under the name of Petroff. Lorel recognized me on the boat train. One of us had to die. Then Darcy recognized me and attempted blackmail. And Steindorf found my three passports. I had to kill all three of them."

Olga felt her blood freeze as she saw King being maneuvered to the rail.

"No, no!" she cried hysterically. "You can't! You can't!"

Then, miraculously, King's valet was stepping out of the shadows, a revolver close to Lorel's ribs. "If you'll just put up your hands, sir," he said courteously.

"Never—I die my own way," came the mad, exultant reply. And with an agile spring Lorel was over the rail, dropping, dropping, down beneath the surface to his watery grave.

THE paper, giving details of Lorel's exposure by King Mandini were already on the boat, as it stood docked in New York Harbor the next morning.

King carefully creased them into precise sections. "Nothing in here to make any trouble. You're still a Princess," he said to Olga. He extended his hand. "Well, goodbye and good luck."

"Good-bye?" Her voice was small and shattered.

King smiled at her fixedly. "Remember—you said it. When we were cleared, you'd go your way and I'd go mine. Well—I'm on my way. So long." He turned abruptly and headed for his cabin.

Before Olga could take a step forward she found herself besieged by an army of reporters and photographers. Questions buzzed around her head like insects. Then a microphone was thrust before her.

"This is the Princess Olga of Sweden," she began tonelessly, "talking to the great American press—" her voice broke. "—Oh gosh, I'm just *Wanda Nash* of Brooklyn. I've been a faker—" there was a mighty stillness from the crowd, "—and now I'm coming home on the I-level."

"She's ill, she's raving, she's in love," screamed Lady Gertrude.

A man was shouting at Olga excitedly. "I'm Johnson of the International Films Company."

"I know," Olga quavered, "I've broken my contract, but I don't care."

"Don't be silly," Johnson yelled, "Princess surrenders title for love. You're front page box-office!"

But the "Princess" was rapidly moving out of earshot.

Stalking into King's cabin, she faced him with flashing eyes. "Do you think you could walk into my life—get me all stirred up inside, and then walk out?"

King stepped up close and took her in a hungry embrace. "Let me get this. Am I supposed to take you under my wing and protect you for the rest of my life?"

A smile, sweet and ineffably tender, started in her eyes, then rippled to her lips. "Yes," she said so softly that it was more a caressing sound than a word.

It was, in fact, the beginning of a series of such sounds. Anyone listening might have said that two young people, very much in love, were exchanging kisses.

And anyone would have been right.



Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

REMEMBER this important fact—and take the *sure* way to avoid bad breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums, and around the tongue—which dentists agree *cause* most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth... your gums... your tongue... with Colgate's. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will refund **TWICE** what you paid.



Now—NO BAD BREATH behind his SPARKLING SMILE!



"HERE'S MY SECRET OF A LOVELY SKIN"

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter, subscribed and sworn to before me.



Arthur C. Patterson
NOTARY PUBLIC

"My face and back were simply covered with pimples, and no medicine seemed to help."



"Then I read how your tablets helped others. I tried them and soon began to see results."



"I felt better; pimples vanished. When friends envy my skin, I advise Yeast Foam Tablets."



IF YOU are one of the thousands of unhappy girls who are looking for the TRUTH about ugly skin blemishes, eruptions, and pimples who want to be relieved of embarrassment—let the above true experience encourage you. It is typical of countless letters of gratitude from women who have disposed of skin trouble and won back their charm with the help of pleasant-tasting Yeast Foam Tablets.

If you, too, are embarrassed by a skin marred with ugly blemishes—let Yeast Foam Tablets show you the way to regain your beauty. By supplying vital corrective elements, they rid the body of the poisons which cause such trouble—quickly, naturally, without discomfort. Get Yeast Foam Tablets today, and regain the beauty of a lovely, clear skin.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today—and refuse substitutes. Send for Free Sample.

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Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets. PG-6-36

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Address _____
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Gossip Glimpses

[Continued from page 10]

THE famous Richard Dix secret ranch in the San Fernando Valley is no more. For as many years as I can remember, Richard has kept his ranch hidden away in the valley, even going so far as to blindfold his guests so they wouldn't discover its location. But now it's gone on the auction block, and the Dix family will move to more spacious quarters.

IT HASN'T been told before, but Winifred Shaw, Warner Brothers' young starlet who gave such a thrilling performance as the evangelist in Al Jolson's *The Singing Kid*, has three small children who live with her mother in New York. Wini has been so busy working since she arrived in the film city, she hasn't seen them in over a year. But twice a week, regularly, Winifred rises at 5:30 in the morning to talk to each of them over the telephone before they leave for school. When she visits them in the near future, she's going to have victrola records made of each of them so she won't miss them so much when she returns to the Coast.

ARCHIE MAYO, the genial director of *I Married A Doctor* can dish it out, but he can take it, too. Actors, cameramen and crew all welcome the opportunity of working on a Mayo picture, just because it's so darned much fun. Archie never misses an opportunity to play some kind of a gag and as a result there's always an air of bustling conviviality on his set. During the making of *I Married A Doctor*, the tables were turned. Everyone ganged up on Archie during the entire time of shooting. However, on the last day of shooting, he got even in a big way. Archie issued a call for actors,

crew and everyone connected with the picture for 7:15 a. m. Upon arriving at the studio, they were casually informed there would be no shooting that day! Mayo had made them all get up at the crack of dawn to find it out!

AN ORCHID to Kay Francis for one of the nicest gestures I've heard of in a long time. When Mary Gordon, the sweet old character actress, went into her first scene of *Florence Nightingale* with Kay, she was completely overcome. Kay, she had told everyone, was her very favorite actress. But when it came to acting in a scene with her idol, she couldn't go through with it and was terribly embarrassed when she blew up in her lines completely. Kay was very gracious and insisted that they rehearse the scene again. The old lady was still terribly nervous. Just then an unexpected thing happened. Kay, too, muffed her lines! "You see," she smiled at Mary Gordon, "Anyone is apt to make a mistake. Now I've done it, myself."

To those who were watching closely, it was obvious what had happened. I caught that little gleam in Kay's eye told me she had deliberately blown up in her lines to restore the old lady's confidence.

THERE'S no telling what that pair of funsters, Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell will do next. Launching at the Brown Derby the other noon, they were approached by a fan for autographs. Just for the fun of it, Joan signed Glenda's name and Glenda signed Joan's. The boy was most confused, looked at both of them intently, and walked away, muttering to himself: "Well, maybe I'm wrong!"

Beauty for You

[Continued from page 31]

probably the reason why she is one of the most popular stars in Hollywood.

Miss Sothern's beauty aids consist of amazing new cream which has been blended from rich oils that are most beneficial to the skin. This cream is the one she uses when she takes her sunbaths, and at night before retiring. It is priced at \$1.00, 75c, 50c, and 20c.

The special retreating she uses is made especially to restore and prevent loose, sagging tissues. It should be patted into your skin, to stimulate circulation and tone your skin generally. This excellent product is priced at \$2.25 for a most attractive bottle. Want the trade name?

Ann's choice of refreshing skin tonic is one that is delightfully fragrant. It is scented with true floral perfumes and keeps your skin dry and cool while you are frolicking in the sunshine. For \$1.10 you may purchase a bottle that contains enough lotion for many, many treatments. That gorgeous shade of lipstick she wears during the day is an orange-red that flatters her already beautiful coloring. One application will stay on for several hours. A bargain at only 55c for the attractive silver and red case.

Her rouge is made by hand in Paris and imported by the manufacturer who has the lipstick. There are several shades and it's priced at 60c.

The mascara she uses is water-proof. It gives your lashes and eyes that added beauty which will weaken the heart of the strongest male. It is made up in cream form and easily applied with the little eyelash brush that comes along with the package for only 50c.

When Miss Sothern has her wet shampoo twice a month she uses a new discovery which is neither soap nor oil. It eliminates every particle of dust and dandruff and leaves your hair sparkling with cleanliness. You'll be thrilled with the lustrous appearance this shampoo gives your silken locks. This excellent product is priced at only 60c.

When she has the ends of her beautiful locks waved she goes to a competent operator and has a permanent which is guaranteed to give natural, soft waves that are a boon to any girl's beauty. The wave pads used are scientifically prepared and the sealed package insures absolute cleanliness and safety. I'll be happy to send you the trade name.

How to Build Up WEAK, SKINNY RUNDOWN NERVOUS FOLKS...

Feed Them *Strength*
Building Iodine
for Blood and
Glands!



Thousands Say It's Quickest Way to Add Lbs.
of Solid Flesh—Make You Strong and Rugged—
Make You Sleep, Eat and Feel Better—Advise
Seedol Kelpamalt for Best Results!

Here's new hope and encouragement for thousands of men, naturally skinny, weak, worn out, haggard-looking men and women whose energy and strength have been sapped by overwork and worry, who are nervous, irritable, always half sick and ailing. Science says one of the principal causes of these rundown conditions is "GLANDS STARVING FOR IODINE." When these glands don't work properly, all the food in the world can't help you. It just isn't turned into flesh. The result is, you stay skinny, pale, tired-out and rundown.

The most important gland—the one which actually controls body weight and strength-building—needs a definite ration of NATURAL AS-SIMILABLE IODINE all the time—to regulate metabolism—the body's process of converted digested food into firm flesh, new strength and energy.

Thousands say, for NATURAL IODINE in convenient concentrated and assimilable form, take Seedol Kelpamalt—now recognized as the world's richest source of this precious substance. It contains 1,400 times more iodine than oysters, once considered the best source. 6 tablets alone contain more NATURAL IODINE than 400 lbs. of spinach or 1,100 lbs. of lettuce.

Try Seedol Kelpamalt for one week and notice the difference. If you don't gain at least 5 lbs., of "new flesh," you'll get your money back. The Kelpamalt capsules are in the shape of the Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets—four to a box is fine. Get Seedol Kelpamalt from Seedol Kelpamalt is sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not received his supply, send for the special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Write today for fascinating illustrated 24-page book on How to Add Weight Quickly. Mailed complete of 100% FREE! Also the famous book, "New Facts about Health and Diet," Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily use for weight building. Absolutely FREE. No obligation. Address: Seedol Kelpamalt, 37-35 West 32nd St., New York City.

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Seedol Kelpamalt's iodine—superior products, sold as kelp and salt preparations—in solution of the essence of kelp. Kelpamalt is a natural product. The Kelpamalt capsules will, however, for convenience carrying on the whole, be identical in form and taste. The Kelpamalt capsules are in the shape of the Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets. They are easily assimilated, do not upset stomach nor cause constipation. Results guaranteed or money back.



On our tour you may see a scene before cameras like this one of Shirley Temple on the 20th Century-Fox lot

Let's Go Hollywood

By JACK SMALLEY

YOU'RE invited!
Where?

To our second annual Movieland Tour? Yes, we want you to be our guest on one of two special trains leaving Chicago July 19 and August 9. Not only is there a wonderful across continent tour in store for you, with stops at Rainier National Park, Seattle, San Francisco, Denver, Salt Lake and other points, but you will see Hollywood behind the scenes and be guests of that famous cowboy star, Ken Maynard, at his special wild west show.

The Hollywood tour idea got underway last year, when ROMANTIC MOVIE STORIES discovered the large number of people who wanted to visit the film capital—provided the vacation trip could be made economically. And it is an economical trip as we

have planned it, a huge house party with special chartered trains, and special group rates for hotels, meals and entertainment.

And just as important as the low cost is the fact that the western office of this magazine has the facilities for showing you Hollywood behind the scenes as no one else may see it.

Here is the program for your entertainment in Hollywood:

Arrive on Sunday (both trips) at noon. Go to the Roosevelt Hotel, which is Tour headquarters, and prepare for the big surprise party in the evening and your first meeting with the stars. This party is to be held at the world famous Brasserie on Hollywood Boulevard. The entertainment planned for this popular café is a surprise—so no more of that for the moment.



You will get a souvenir from Max Factor and be shown through his new cosmetic plant—if you go

Monday is set aside for a big treat—a trip to a studio. The first tour (leaving Chicago July 19) will visit the 20th Century-Fox lot, home of Shirley Temple, Victor McLaglen, Ronald Colman, Rochelle Hudson, Janet Gaynor, Loretta Young. The second tour (leaving Chicago August 9) will visit Universal Studio. It is this studio that recently completed *Sutter's Gold* and also gave us Irene Dunne in *Shoreboat*, Carole Lombard in *Love Before Breakfast*. It is just possible that Universal's new film, *My Man Godfrey*, starring Carole Lombard and William Powell will be before the cameras.

Then a trip through Beverly Hills to see the homes of the stars and back to the hotel to dress for the big banquet at the Biltmore Bowl. This is going to be a grand windup for a perfect day, with stars invited to be with us at our tables, and with dancing to the music of Jimmy Grier's orchestra.

Tuesday is circus day. Ken Maynard wants us to lunch with his circus performers. Ken has gone into the desert to round up a bunch of real Indians for his show, and with his fifteen-train circus all set up at Ken's ranch, things are booming. It's a real Western circus, of course, and Ken Maynard is the star of it.

The afternoon brings the annual cocktail party at the home of a star. Paula Stone, daughter of the famed Fred Stone, and featured in Warner Bros. Pictures, will be the hostess for the first party. On the second tour, Donald Woods, handsome leading man on the screen will be host.

After dinner at the Roosevelt you are invited to inspect Max Factor's cosmetic plant a few blocks from the hotel, and be his guest at a party for you. Special souvenirs will be given to ladies of the party.

The Factor plant is the beauty hub of Hollywood, for he makes the rouge, lipstick and powder for the actresses and supplies the studios with make-up. Four different make-up rooms are maintained here, one for each type of beauty—blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead.

Wednesday is given over to an ocean voyage to Catalina Island, pleasure resort of southern California. And the next day the party leaves for home with stop-overs at the interesting places on the way back.

Two weeks of glorious fun and a circus all for you!

Truly, this is a vacation you can not afford to miss. Only 200 persons can be accommodated on each trip, so get your reservations in early. An illustrated booklet containing full particulars will be sent you if you address your inquiry to Joe Godfrey, Jr., Movieland Tour Manager, 360 North Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

When writing for the booklet be sure and enclose a three cent stamp with your letter to defray postage. If you do not send the stamp we can not send you the booklet.

\$500 CONTEST

Watch for winners in the big "Names Contest" conducted in the March, April, May issues of this magazine. Perhaps you won some of the \$500 cash, a Wire Haired terrier from Myrna Loy, a Scottie pup from Ginger Rogers or a puppy son of Rin-Tin-Tin, Jr. See next month's ROMANTIC MOVIE STORIES, on sale June 10. Winners' names will be published soon.



SCARED?

That panicky doubt—that fear of embarrassment—what woman hasn't known it?

Would you like to banish it forever? Then try Modess—the new and different sanitary pad. *It's certain-safe! Invisible!*



YOU CAN ALWAYS BE CAREFREE NOW!

You can always be confident—with certain-safe Modess.

It stays safe—no striking through—as with many ordinary reversible pads. Notice specially treated material on sides and back.

It stays soft—no chafing—the edges remain dry. Wear blue line on moisture proof side away from body for complete protection.

End "accident panic"—ask for Certain-Safe

Modess!

The Improved Sanitary Pad

Try N-O-V-O—the safe, easy-to-use, douche powder in its new Blue and Silver Box. Cleanses! Deodorizes! (Not a contraceptive.) At your drug or department store

**"No more 'tired,'
'let-down feeling' for me."**



**"I reasoned that
my red blood corpuscle strength
was low and I simply
took a course of S.S.S. Tonic
and built it back."**

If I am so simple and reasonable. If your physical let-down is caused by lowered red blood corpuscles—which is all too frequent—then S.S.S. Tonic is waiting to help you...and will, unless you have a serious organic trouble that demands a physician or surgeon.

Bemember, S.S.S. is not just a so-called "tonic." It is a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions, and also has the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying red corpuscles in the blood.

This two-fold purpose is important. Digestion is improved...food is better utilized...and thus you are enabled to better "carry on" without exhaustion—as you should.

You may have the will-power to be "up and doing" but unless your blood is in top notch form you are not fully yourself and you may remark, "I wonder why I tire so easily."

Let S.S.S. help build back your blood tone...if your case is not exceptional, you should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food...sound sleep...steady nerves...a good complexion...and renewed strength.

S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The \$2 economy size is twice as large as the \$1.25 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin on the uproad today.

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**S.S.S.
Tonic**
**Makes you
feel like
yourself
again**



The Ex-Mrs. Bradford

[Continued from page 20]

it, then, with a decisive shrug, ripped it open. Five packages of money wrapped in hands on which was printed, "\$35,000," met his startled eyes. One hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars!

Brad gathered his amazed wits and sprang into action. Stuffing the bills into his pockets, he ripped up some magazine sheets, and contrived a bundle of the approximate thickness of the money. This he placed in the desk drawer. Then he made a hurried departure.

Outside, he hailed a cab, driving exactly one block, while a five-dollar bill completely mollified the offended driver. Then, cautiously, he circled back, making his way up to his apartment. As he silently opened the door to his office, he again received a glimpse of the scar-faced man from the glow of the latter's flashlight as its beam jabbed at the desk.

"Put 'em up," Bradford said sharply, his revolver in hand.

Instantly, the room went black and there was the sound of a pistol shot from near the desk. Brad hurled himself forward toward the dimly seen figure before him. Only the sounds of heavy breathing could be heard, as he struggled savagely with his opponent.

The door opened and light streamed in, disclosing Paula. A huge model of a skull from Brad's office was raised high in her hands. "Hold him Brad. I'll clunk him," she shrieked. Then, with a resounding thwack, she brought the skull squarely down on Brad's defenseless head.

Hours later, Brad was sitting up in bed, his head thoroughly swathed in bandages. Paula was perched beside him on the counterpane. "Look Brad, we've got to talk," she coaxed soothingly. "You see dear, it's not safe—"

"—not safe to have you around," he finished feelingly. "Please go away," he moaned. "Let me suffer in peace."

Her mouth quivered woefully. "Oh—all right, I only meant to help—" She stood up and walked dejectedly to the door.

"Paula, just a minute," Brad called. "You forgot something."

She hurried to his side. "What, dear?"

"This."

And for one glorious moment, missing scalpels, Mike North and murderous intruders were all forgotten as the delectable sweetness of Paula's lips were once again his.

TIPTOEING carefully through the living room the next morning so that he would not awaken Paula, Brad opened the door to his office. He was just in time to hear Miss Prentiss' breathless, hurried words as she spoke into the telephone.

"You've got to get out of it," she was saying shrilly. "You promised me—" As Bradford appeared she broke off hastily and hung up. Then, patently trying to cover up her nervousness, she quickly reeled off the list of Brad's appointments for the day.

Glancing at her queerly he asked for Mike North's telephone number and proceeded to dial it.

"Yes?" a deep voice, oddly familiar, asked, when the connection had been made.

"Is this Mike North?"

"Yes, this is—" the voice suddenly broke into a treble. "—Mike North."

Brad suppressed an inclination to shout with laughter. Take any address or telephone number and it would be sure to turn

up that most irrepressible of all darlings—Paula.

"Paula, what are you doing there? Where's Mike?"

"I went out early this morning but Mike's not here," she informed him. "By the way, did you miss me?"

"Miss you?" He grinned. "Why should I? What have you done to deserve such honor? Anyhow, honey, when I see Mike, I'll tell him you're looking for him."

Though Brad's day was pretty well filled with appointments he headed first for the race track where the tragedy had taken place. A stable boy informed him that everyone was out watching *Luxury* run. And seated on the fence rail was Nick Martel, the gambler, clucking the horses.

Brad approached him. "Have you seen Mike North around this morning?"

"No." Nick returned shortly.

"Funny. He ought to be around here."

Nick's voice was bitter. "Not today he won't. I got a hunch he'll be missing a long time."

Brad shot him a keen, penetrating glance. "Funny you should say that after last night. But don't worry. I won't ask any questions about your friend who burglarized my place or where my missing scalp is. I'll leave that to the police. What I want to know is—where's Mike North?"

"Look Doc," Nick thrust a heavy bluish jaw close to Brad's face. "Stick to your doctoring. It'll be a lot healthier."

Brad sighed and drew out his watch. "That appears to be my only alternative. In exactly twenty-eight minutes I have to start opening a man's stomach. Perhaps one day I can do as much for you."

Wearily to the bone after the fatiguing day at the hospital, Brad returned to his apartment to find Paula waiting for him and bursting with news.

"Brad darling—here, slip into your smoking jacket."

He eyed it interestedly as she helped him into it. "Say, where did that come from? I've looked every place for it."

Her face was suffused with a shy pink. "This jacket has been every place I've been. Honolulu, Bali, China and points west."

He slipped his arm around her waist and drew her close. "Paula, sweet, it's so wonderful having you here." Then he pulled himself together. "But that's beside the point. What's the latest?"

Rapidly, she explained. Miss Prentiss had left early, saying she was ill. And only an hour later, Paula had seen her, hunching in a fashionable cocktail bar with, of all people, Nick Martel.

"That's a puzzle," Brad unsuccessfully pondered this fresh angle.

"And now, in here for the rest of it." Drawing him into the dining room, she waited until they were both seated at the table. "Now look." She took a large helping of jello and slapped it on her arm. "Do I look all right?"

Brad's eyes bulged. "You look pretty silly to me."

"But," she leaned forward and whispered eerily, "Eddie Sands looked mighty dead from it. Because that's what—was on the scalp."

"On the—" Brad slowly sank back into his chair. "Heaven give me strength. Then you took it."

Paula nodded happily. "Sure. And had the stuff on it analyzed at the laboratory

last night. It was just ordinary gelatin," Brad got to his feet decisively. "There's something funny about this whole thing. Mike's disappearing, the money, Nick Martel. I'm going to call Inspector Corrigan."

There was the long, rending peal of the doorbell. Remembering that it was Stoke's night out, Brad hurried to answer it. He pulled it open—and froze rigid with horror.

For a thing that had once been Mike North, fell forward into the room, a bullet riddled corpse. A note pinned to its chest, read: *This guy wouldn't turn over the money either.*

"WHO was it?" Paula called from the next room.

"A patient," Brad answered quickly. "I'll be busy for a few minutes." He opened the door to his waiting room—and came face to face with the man he had been about to telephone, Inspector Corrigan. Corrigan, as it happened, had just been on his way up to question Brad about his visit to the Morgue.

"Why did you kill him, Doc?" were the first words the official barked.

"I?" Brad grimaced. "Doesn't he ridiculous. What would I kill him for?" Terseley, he proceeded to explain Mike's dead body on the scene, omitting none of the details of his investigation to date, including the discovery of gelatin on Sand's arm.

Corrigan had been listening in skeptical silence. Now however, he spoke up. "Gelatin? That don't make sense. The Coroner performed an autopsy and said the left heart ventricle was completely collapsed."

Brad started. "That's funny. A collapsed ventricle is a sign of drowning—asphyxiation—translation—"

"Kind of cockeyed, ain't it?" Corrigan moved toward the door. "Well, stick around." He added, ominously, "I'll want to ask you some more questions in the morning."

As Brad returned to the living room, Paula said, "Say, you got off easy. Then, as she saw him blink, "It's all right. I was listening at the keyhole. I'm awfully sorry about Mike, dear. He seemed such a nice guy."

Brad's eyes clouded. "If I'd called the police last night his death might have been prevented."

"Of course, you're not in such a healthy spot yourself," Paula pointed out. "You've got to find the murderer to clear yourself. And you won't find him on the sports page," she added as Brad buried himself in the paper.

He glanced up impatiently. "Paula, who stood to make the most out of yesterday's race?"

Her mouth slowly pursed to an astounded "O." "The owner of the winning horse," she said, suddenly enlightened.

"Exactly," Brad read. "Sixth race—winner, War Cloud. Owner—Leroy Hutchins—Odds 4 to 1."

"Hutchins," Paula repeated. She adjusted a stray tendril of hair. "That's the man who called Mike last night."

Brad spun around. "What?" "Sure. I found slips at Mike's place this morning. He had three calls last night. Mike wasn't home. Hutchins, John Summers, and Nick Martel, each left a message at the switchboard to be called by Mike."

"In case of fire," Brad shouted as he grabbed his hat and coat, "run, do not walk, to the nearest exit."

"Where are you going?" "To find out who killed Eddie Sands." "Brad," Paula wailed, "wait for me." Gathering up her things, she was at his heels.

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Brad, anticipating just this, had reached back and jerked the curtain of the Venetian blind. With an ear-splitting clatter, the heavy wooden curtain dropped between him and Paula, the cord catching her heel as she stepped forward. Brad's last glimpse of her was as she lay sprawled on the floor, inextricably tangled up with the blind and sputtering with chagrin.

Brad had been in earnest conversation with Leroy Hutchins for a full half hour and had gotten exactly nowhere. They were seated in the office of the Hutchins large brood plant. Watching her husband and Brad intently as she munched on delicious cookies, was the rotund Mrs. Hutchins.

This much only, Brad had gleaned so far. No, Mr. Hutchins had not bet on his horse, War Cloud. He did not bet, was his emphatic statement. He merely raced horses for the purse—in yesterday's case, \$7,500. Mrs. Hutchins confirmed this with a vigorous, triple-chinned nod.

"I see," Brad said thoughtfully. "By the way, Mr. Hutchins, what sort of a trainer is Mike North?"

"Well, one of the main reasons I wanted to buy the Summers stables—Summers is the owner of Luxury—was because I would get Mike as trainer in the deal. But—" he shrugged,—"I withdrew the offer."

"Why?"

"He don't do business my way. It isn't Summers. It's his lawyer, Henry Strand, that froze me out. Wanted ten per cent for putting the deal through."

"And a good thing too," Mrs. Hutchins put in, "because I wouldn't have let him buy anyhow. He spends enough time at the race track as it is."

IT WAS the best Brad could do. As no more information appeared to be forthcoming, he departed for the Summers home on Long Island.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Summers were in the stables, attending a young, ailing colt. Brad quickly stated his business and his hosts pleasantly endeavored to answer his queries. Both of them immediately confirmed the fact that Mike had visited them the evening before.

"What for?"

"Well you see, Doctor," Summers explained, "he wanted to pay me some money he owed me, that's all."

"Suppose he made a killing at the track yesterday?" Brad asked idly.

"Oh, he couldn't have done that," Summers replied, "Luxury lost."

"But he might have bet on War Cloud," Summers bristled. "Dr. Bradford, since Mike was trainer for my horse, Luxury, that's nasty implication and I resent it. Mike is an honest man."

And that, as Brad ruefully told himself, was that. All in all, a rather slim assortment of facts.

As he walked into his apartment Paula met him with an air of disapproval. "About time you got home. Running off and leaving me. You never did it when we were married. And anyhow, I got ideas."

"Ideas?"

"Of course. Find the person who wrote Eddie Sand that threatening note and you've got the murderer."

Brad stepped back, aghast. "Holy cats, Paula! We forgot all about the note."

But the doorbell interrupted and a moment later, Mrs. Summers rushed in.

"I hate to bother you, doctor," she began breathlessly, "but I'm in trouble, terrible trouble."

Then, amidst tears and sobs, Brad was given the story. Mrs. Summers had spoken to Mike North last night and he had told

her about the threatening note Eddie Sands had received, since delivered into Brad's custody.

"You see, doctor," she sobbed, "I've been secretly meeting another man and Eddie knew. Out of loyalty to Mr. Summers he threatened to tell my husband. And I wrote that note, doctor, but it wasn't like it sounded. The note must be destroyed. Please give it to me."

Quickly, Paula came forward. In an expressionless voice, she told the distraught woman to write out the note again. Meekly, Mrs. Summers followed instructions. The handwriting matched exactly. A deep, understanding glance of belief in the woman passed between Brad and Paula. Brad set flame to the paper.

At the door Mrs. Summers paused. "I can never thank you enough, doctor," she quavered. "All that I can do is to say that I'll never see Nick again."

"Nick?" Brad felt a charge of electricity run through him.

"Yes, Nick Martel. Eddie found out about us."

She had barely gone when Brad let out a wild whoop. "Nick Martel! Now we're getting some place. Look honey," he said as he whirled Paula around the room, "I'm going to Nick's place and on the way I'll pick up Mr. Murphy, a pal of mine and the best safe cracker in the business. Then we'll see what we shall see."

TRUE to Brad's high praise, Joe Murphy had both Nick's office door and his safe open in three minutes, after which, he cleared out.

Brad was bending over Nick's ledger studying record of race wagers accepted when a harsh voice spoke to him from the dark doorway. "Reach, fella' for the ceiling."

Brad turned casually. "Oh, hello, Nick. I didn't expect you. Then he added briskly, "Now listen, the head tick the better. Inspector Corrigan knows I'm here and it won't do you any good to get rough." He held his breath. Would the bluff work?

"Oh yeah?" Nick's laugh was ugly.

"That's not a bad story, either."

The muffled telephone bell tinkled. Brad felt the sweat wet on his forehead. Gus, Nick's silent henchman, took the telephone.

"Hello?" He cupped the phone with a palm and growled, "It's Corrigan, Nick. He wants Bradford."

At Nick's curt nod Brad took the call.

"How are you doing?" Paula said in a deep voice that was nevertheless very shaky. Brad took a look at her, then groggily, "All right, Inspector. Thanks. Everything's fine. See you soon." He hung up.

"Okay doc," Nick said grudgingly. "You win. The Inspector knows you're here and we can't bump you for the time being." He shrugged. "Well, now that you've seen my books you ought to understand how I feel about Mike North."

"Yes," Brad prodded him, "but I still don't get it all."

"Can't you read?" Impatiently Martel flipped the pages of the book. He noticed Brad's arrested attention. "Oh, that's Hutchins' page. Seventy-five hundred he had on War Cloud's snoot. But here's Mike North. Twenty-five thousand on War Cloud to win. War Cloud did win and I'm stuck for a hundred grand. Much of that stuff and I'd go broke."

"But," Brad objected, "if you knew Mike was betting on War Cloud you must have known Luxury, the horse Mike trained, couldn't win."

Nick exploded. "I would have. Only Lou Pender, that little scar-faced guy, made the bet for Mike. Called me after the race

and told me to send the winnings to Mike, Apartment K, 717 Kosciuszko St. Mike was using the place as a blind, I guess. Only I sent for Mike and gave him the dough myself so I could tell him what I thought of him. Say Doc, where do you figure Mike North got the twenty-five grand in the first place?"

"That's your question, Nick," Brad returned. He picked up the telephone and dialed Western Union, giving himself as the addressee. "Meet me at my apartment, 717 Kosciuszko St. Signed, Mike North."

It was a mere matter of forty minutes in all for Brad to return home, pick up the telegram and his medical kit, then softly leave the apartment again and hurry to Mike's Kosciuszko Street address. He turned the knob of the cheap lodging room door, and came up short at sight of Paula.

She grimaced. "I read that phony telegram you sent yourself and I sealed it up again. Well, what do we do?"

In sheer exasperation, Brad shook her by the shoulders. "Take a quick look around and then get out. Shh." Someone had rapped on the door.

Cautiously, Brad opened it. A broad, squat man in shirt sleeves stood outside. "I'm the landlord. Who are you? What do you want?"

Brad produced the telegram. "I'm Dr. Bradford. I had a telegram from North."

"Oh." The manager nodded understandingly. "So he's coming to have that scar taken off, huh? Well, sure hope he looks better." With a genial smile he withdrew.

Brad turned to Paula jubilantly. "The North the landlord's talking about Paula, is Lou Pender. Now the whole thing's clearing up. Martel called Mike—the real Mike—and that's how Mike found out about this place and—"

"Paula!" he shouted, "move!"

With one gesture he shot her out of her chair, then gingerly picked up a large black spider that had been crawling down the door.

"Then it was Pender who killed Mike," Paula said slowly.

"Right," Brad returned.

"Look out!" Paula cried.

Instinctively, Brad leaped to one side as an in-a-door bed began to slide from the wall. Then, in utter freezing silence, they both gazed at its burden. It was Lou Pender. He was quite dead. Quickly, Brad bent to examine him and as he expected, found a thick blob of gelatine on the right shoulder.

He straightened up. "There it is again. The Coroner's report will show the left ventricle collapsed—wait a minute!" A wild gleam of triumph was in his eye. "Where's that dead spider? Here." He picked it up from the floor and scrutinized it. "A Black Widow!" He now busied himself with an empty capsule, stuffing the spider into it.

"What are you doing?"

"Proving my theory. If I'm right, this will explain everything. Here." He opened his palm. The gelatine had melted, freeing the dead spider which lay in his palm. He grasped Paula's arm. "And now we're on our way. All we need now is the Spider Man—and that's plenty!"

THE following afternoon was a gala day at the race track and a thousand pairs of excited eyes fastened on the bugler as he mounted his horse and blew the "Boots and Saddles" call, that summoned the racing horses.

Paula and Brad were seated in their car at the outside of the grandstand. Both of them were taut with expectancy as the minutes passed, bringing the event closer and closer. For today, almost the same race was

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being run as had taken place on the day of Eddie Sand's death. Luxury and War Cloud were again being matched up. It was more than possible that the Spider Man would strike again.

Brad had taken every reasonable precaution. He had inoculated Spike Salisbury who was riding Luxury, against the dread spider's bite. There were hundreds of Corrigan's men scattered about the place and in addition to this, Brad had obtained the services of eight motion picture cameramen who were stationed at the South entrance and on the grandstand, powerful telescopic lenses on their machines.

Brad turned to Paula. "It's all pretty plain now. This is the way things must have worked. Mr. X killed Eddie Sands. Then Mike got too close for comfort so either X himself killed, or had Lou Pender kill Mike. Pender of course, was working in cahoots with X and he knew too much, so Mr. X proceeded to kill Pender."

"They're off!" came the amplified voice of the track announcer, and back of it the roar of the crowd. "War Cloud going to the front. At the turn, leading by two lengths. And the favorite, Luxury, is trailing." Silence. "In the stretch!" continued the voice. "Luxury coming up fast on the outside. War Cloud by a length. Luxury! Luxury! War Cloud and Luxury! A two-horse race." Tensely, Brad gripped Paula's arm. "Luxury and War Cloud! Luxury going away. The winner! Luxury by two lengths. War Cloud second. Lady Pat third."

"Well Doc," Corrigan was saying smugly, "maybe the cops ain't so bad. Nothing happened out of the ordinary today."

"Look!" Paula cried. "He's running away."

It was Luxury, still running at full speed, the jockey across his neck.

Three minutes later Brad was bending over the unconscious Spike. With one tug he ripped the boy's shirt open. A Black Widow spider was slowly crawling across his chest. Brad crushed it, then injected a hypodermic into Spike's arm. "This is an antidote," he explained to Corrigan. He turned to the boy, just recovering consciousness. "You'll be all right, Spike. Tomorrow you'll never know this happened."

"You got any ideas?" a much crestfallen Corrigan asked Brad a few moments later. "Plenty." He drew a slip of paper from his pocket. "These are all the suspects. Put a man to watch each of them. Invite them all to be at my house at ten o'clock tonight. The one that doesn't show up or tries to get out of town is the murderer."

And at precisely that night, everyone was assembled. Brad felt his spirits sinking lower and lower as a loud "Yes," acknowledged each name. Mr. and Mrs. Hutchins, Nick Martel, Mr. and Mrs. Summers, Miss Prentiss. They were all disconcertingly present.

Strand rose to his feet in his best court room manner. "And now, if you don't mind Inspector," he said to Corrigan, "just why were we brought here."

Brad stepped forward. Quite candidly, he explained what his plan had been and that they were all suspects. Then he smiled on them amiably. "Tell you what, now that you're all here though, how'd you like to see some pictures—movies?"

WITHOUT waiting for any dissenting voice, he released a cord that dropped a screen. The room was plunged into semi-darkness as Stokes started the machine.

"Why, that's today's race," Mrs. Summers cried with shrill surprise. "There's Luxury."

"And War Cloud," Hutchins yelled excitedly.

"Exactly," Brad agreed with suave assurance. "That's why I'm running the picture. I still believe one of you to be guilty."

"Say, what do you mean?" Nick growled.

Miss Prentiss was plainly whimpering. "I don't like this a bit."

Blandly now, Brad's voice was accompanying the film with a running narrative of the crime. He explained everything fully, particularly enlarging on the theme of the Black Widow spider in the capsule. "And in a minute," he added, "you will see the murderer put the capsule on the body of Spike, the jockey, just before today's race."

The room grew deathly still and seemed to crawl with horror. Picture after picture flew by. Hutchins with his arm around a jockey, who, it developed, was Joe Jorino, not Spike. Then Martel, with his arms linked through those of Joe and Spike.

Next, an oddly romantic shot of Martel and Miss Prentiss, gazing into each other's eyes. Then a view of someone adjusting Spike's blouse with one hand—and with the other, *slipping something down his neck.*

Nick found his voice first. "It's Summers!" he shouted as the figure on the screen turned around and became recognizable.

"Lights!" Brad yelled. But his mouth fell open, for Summers was standing at the door, his revolver covering the room full of people.

"I was leaving but I noticed the police outside," he said calmly. "So now I've only one thing left—to kill the three people I hate. You Martel, for taking my wife away from me. My motive in all this has been you. I wanted to ruin you winning large bets from you for what you did to me. You—," he nodded tersely to his wife, "—and you—," this time it was Brad, "for butting into my business."

Slowly, imperceptibly, Paula had been edging close to the window. Suddenly, her foot found the cord of the Venetian blind. Instantly, it fell with a loud crash, catching Summers violently on the head.

Brad and Nick sprang forward and in another moment the matter was finished. Corrigan led the raving Summers from the room and gradually the others found their way to the door.

Finally, Brad was contemplating the normal quiet of his apartment again with a sigh of relief. Then he noticed the absence of Paula. He tiptoed to the door of her bedroom. She was packing her bags.

"Paula. Where are you going?"

She averted her head. "I don't know. But away. I've—I've been enough trouble to you. And now you're out of this."

"Darling," He tenderly drew her into his arms. "But I'm not out of love. What do you say, Paula? Will you marry me again?"

"Doctor Bradford!" Her eyes were ecstatic. "In a word—yes." Then, bewilderingly, she was pulling him into the living room. "Stokes!" she called, "get that machine going." She said happily to Brad, "A little idea of my own."

Instantly, the movie screen was lowered by the grinning Stokes. On it appeared a clergyman. "My friend," he said sonorously, "we gathered here to join together this man and woman in the state of holy matrimony. Do you, Paula Bradford, take this man to be your husband?"

"I do," she said crisply.

"And do you, Lawrence Bradford, take this woman to be your lawful wedded wife?"

Brad took a deep breath. "I do," he said fervently, and, upsetting all tradition, turned, caught Paula in his arms and claimed his bridegroom's kiss then and there.

The Girl From Mandalay

[Continued from page 30]

English voice. "This is a surprise. We hadn't heard about John's marriage in Cha Kum." She looked at Jeanie shrewdly. Jeanie didn't like that cool, appraising glance. "I'm from Cha Kum," the other woman added. "I'm Mrs. Trevor. My husband is superintendent of the lumber company."

Jeanie picked up her work and began to sew again. "I see," she said. "Is there anything you want from my husband?" Her voice had an edge to it. She wanted to show this Mrs. Trevor that she wasn't afraid of her.

"Why yes," the older woman answered. "I thought he might show me the way back to Cha Kum. I got separated from my guide."

Jeanie smiled with a suggestion of a sneer. "I see you had no trouble finding the trail here," she said in a low voice. She shouldn't have said such a thing, she knew. But somehow she couldn't help it.

But Mrs. Trevor pretended not to hear. "Do tell me about your marriage," she said in a false, gushy voice. "You must have been very happy after waiting so long. Four years, wasn't it?" She added. There was a triumphant smile on her face now.

JEANIE was puzzled. Four years! What was the woman talking about? She didn't reply for a moment. And when she did she said with a low ring to her voice, "I've waited my whole life for him!"

The other woman smiled and nodded. "I certainly don't blame John," she said, and Jeanie curiously cold in spite of her smile. "He's been telling us about the 'girl from back home' for so long we were beginning to believe you were a phantom."

Jeanie looked quickly at the other woman. The girl from back home! Then there was someone else in John's life. And this woman thought that Jeanie was that person.

"I'm afraid I don't—" She started to say. But at that moment John came into the room. His eyebrows went up as he saw Mrs. Trevor. "Oh, hello, he said. "Didn't expect to see you here, Mary."

Mrs. Trevor laughed. "And I didn't expect to see this young lady here," she inclined her blond head in Jeanie's direction. Mrs. Trevor turned once more to John. "I'm sure you could have told us why you dashed off so suddenly to Mandalay!"

Jeanie, her heart sinking, saw the red come into John's cheeks. This woman—this cool, naughty person—was making fun of her. Jealous, of course. Jealous that she had married John. Of course this other person wanted him. It was obvious why she had "lost her way."

"If you want to get back to Cha Kum tonight," John was saying. "I think you'd better be getting started. It's a long way."

Mary Trevor rose to her feet. "I hate to impose on you, John, but would you mind showing me the way?"

"Of course," John answered. "We'll start at once." He stood aside as Mary Trevor, after a gushing goodbye to Jeanie, left the room.

Jeanie sat staring at the closed door after they'd gone. "The girl from back home." The words rang and rang in her ears. So John didn't love her, after all. Then why had he married her—spite? Who was this girl from back home? Jeanie, following an irresistible impulse, suddenly got to her feet. She went directly to John's trunk in the

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corner of the bedroom. If there were a girl he'd have a picture of her. And if he had a picture of her it would be in his trunk. Feverishly she felt around the trunk under his dress clothes. Ah, here it was! It was a picture of a beautiful English girl. On it was inscribed, "With love, always, Alice." Jeanie sat on the floor staring at it. Her eyes filled with tears. Of course he still loved this Alice. Of course he would always love her, Alice. Alice! Jeanie hated the name. Hated the girl. What right had she to exist? To come between her and John like a ghost.

Footsteps sounded in the other room. Jeanie thrust the picture back and went into the living room. Grainger was standing there.

"Hello," he said brightly. He inclined his head towards the door. "Just saw her go," he went on. He paused, grinned. "I wish I'd seen the fireworks. His voice was amused. 'I'll bet there were plenty between you and she.' He flung himself down on the couch, his long legs thrust out in front of him. 'Don't mind Mrs. Trevor,' he went on, 'she gets lonesome in Cha Kum. Her husband's a terrible bore and she's stuck on John.'

Jeanie nodded. "Yes," she said in a low, bitter voice. "I rather thought she must get—lonesome."

Grainger grinned at her. "I need a drink," he said. "Your dear husband's mad at me. I took a shot at a tiger which was almost in one of his pits and missed. Foster's sure he would have caught him, but for me." Grainger got up and helped himself to a whisky and soda.

Jeanie, watching him drink his highball, shrugged her shoulders. Never had she felt so bitter. "I'm the girl," she said at last. "Who waited four years!" She felt she had to talk to someone.

Grainger put down his glass and stared at her. "So," he said slowly, "you know."

"What's the matter!" Jeanie suddenly said. "Don't I even look the part of a wife."

He got up, came slowly over to her and stood staring down at her. "You look very lovely when you're angry," he said slowly. "Very lovely."

Jeanie looked up at him defiantly. "If that's what's on your mind, Kenneth Grainger, you're wasting your time."

The man smiled his peculiarly cynical smile. "Not very neighborly, are you? You weren't always quite so unfriendly, Jeanie—back in Mandalay."

He looked as if he wanted to take her in his arms. He had that hungry look in his eyes. It sickened Jeanie. Bad enough to see it in John's eyes. Was that what the tropics did to men?

"The girl you knew in Mandalay, that Jeanie—" Jeanie's voice had a very emphatic quality—"is dead. I'm trying to bury her. If you want to be friends with me you'd better help me bury her."

Grainger drained his drink and smiled cynically. "John's a lucky fellow," he said. "Mind if I have another?" He added. "And how about you?"

"If you'll be my friend, and nothing else," Jeanie answered, "I'll have a drink with you." She felt suddenly desperately lonely. What harm, after all, was there in a drink? Wasn't John out there on the trail with Mary Trevor?

GRAINGER fixed the drinks. And after they were finished started playing the phonograph. "How about a dance, Jeanie? Just one."

Why not? A dance—to forget. To forget Alice—and Mary Trevor.

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But to dance was a mistake. She knew that when Kenneth Grainger suddenly stopped dancing and crushed Jeanie to him. "Jeanie—!"

"You said you'd be my friend!" Jeanie pleaded. "Please let me go."

"But if you knew how lonesome a man out here gets for a woman!" Grainger insisted.

"I'm not that woman."

His strong arms stayed tightly around her. "You're not in love with John really, you know," Grainger said meaningly. "You couldn't be, after you know why he married you."

"Don't!" Jeanie said. She was almost sobbing. "Let me go and leave me alone."

There was no stopping Grainger now. His blood was on fire with her nearness. If he could only make her hate Foster—

"He married you because he was drunk, Jeanie. That's why. Drunk because the girl he'd waited four years for jilted him. Now will you let me kiss you—?"

The awful cruelty of his remark caught Jeanie and froze her. Then, suddenly, she got her hand free and struck him across the face. He let her go as that, perhaps realizing how much he'd hurt her.

She reeled away from him. "I'm sorry," she heard him say. "I didn't mean that—really."

Leaning against the table Jeanie tried to keep the stinging tears from her eyes. "It doesn't matter," she said. "Nothing matters except that—that I'm his wife! And as long as I'm his wife—"

A step outside made them both turn. John came into the room. A rifle was in his hand. He looked meaningfully from one to the other—then to the two glasses on the table.

"I sent Mrs. Trevor on alone with my first boy," he said, his voice like steel. "If I'd known—" he looked at the glasses again. "Perhaps it might have been better if I'd continued—" He turned to Grainger. "I think you'd better go, Grainger."

"You're not very much of a trusting husband, I must say," Grainger said dryly.

Jeanie went over to John. "John, you're not thinking—"

Foster, ignoring his wife, glared at the other man. "I think you'd better go, Grainger," he repeated. He lifted the gun in his hand as if he were considering shooting Grainger. From the expression on his face he looked quite capable of it.

At that moment there was the sound of padding feet outside and a native burst into the room.

"*Sahib, sahib*," the native gasped. "Excuse, but tiger kill man. Down by river. Tiger with front paw broken."

For a moment the hate between Grainger and Foster was forgotten. "That must have been the beast I wounded the other day," the former said.

"We're in for it now," John Foster said slowly. "Once a tiger tastes human blood they want more. I hate to think what effect this will have—"

At that moment the sound of the steady rhythm of drums floated in from the jungle. "Drums!" Foster ejaculated. "Something serious must be up. And whatever it is, they're spreading the news." He turned for the door. "Come on, man," he cried to Grainger, "we've got to stop whatever it is."

LEFT alone, Jeanie flung herself down on the couch and wept. It was only too clear what John thought of her. Oh, why, had this had to happen? She wanted him to think well of her—to believe in her. But



When the horse runs home and the ground is hard,
When you wish you were safe in your own back yard,
When your face is red as a riding coat,
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now—after finding her alone with Grainger like that! And the glasses on the table!

The drums continued. The tropical day turned swiftly into tropic night.

Hours later—centuries later, it seemed to Jeanie—day came again. Looking out, Jeanie saw an occasional native run screaming through the jungle, terrified by knowledge of the man-eating tiger in the vicinity. Restless and worried she paced about the bungalow. Where was John? What was happening? Was he all right?

At last she could stand the suspense no longer. She must find him. Jamming on her hat she climbed down from the bungalow and found one of her husband's native servants. "Where is Sabih Foster?" She asked. The native pointed to a native hut some distance away.

Jeanie went there at once. The dim hut was full of cots on which were natives. Most of them were tossing and turning and emitting groans which went right through Jeanie's heart.

John was pulling the blanket over the face of a native who had just died when Jeanie came up behind him.

"John!" she said quietly.

He turned to her. In the light of the flickering torches she saw his face. It was grave, lined by tiredness.

"They're dying like flies," he said, almost as if he were talking to himself. "And all because they insist upon drinking spring water. They won't go near the river because of Jugu—that's what they call the tiger. They think he's a devil." John himself seemed to be in a daze, so fatigued he was.

"John," Jeanie said. "You must let me help you. I can give them quinine as well as you."

Her words seemed to bring him back. His face changed. Became like stone.

"You have no place here," he said. "Go back home."

"But, John, you've had no rest. Someone must help you. I want to." She yearned that he'd let her do something—let her show that she wasn't all he thought she was.

"I'm all right. You go home where you belong. I'll get one of the natives to go with you."

She turned away from him, tears in her eyes. He acted as if she were a stranger! She started to walk from the hut. "Wait!" John cried. Jeanie turned back, her heart leaping. Had he changed his mind? "When you get back," her husband said, "tell my number one boy to bring me more quinine."

Jeanie once more turned wearily away. He hated her. She could see it—and the knowledge suffocated her.

Another day turned quickly into night. And, suddenly, when the world outside was pitch black, Jeanie heard a strange scratching around the bungalow. Then a tiger's roar hung shudderingly on the night air. Jeanie trembled. The roar grew louder. Terrified, Jeanie tried to close out the awful sound. Roar after roar continued. Horribly close.

Shaking, Jeanie got a chair and propped it in front of the door. Another roar came. It seemed to fill the bungalow. Fill the whole world. Jeanie felt as if she were going to have hysterics. Never had she been faced with anything like this.

She stood a little away from the window—afraid to go any closer for fear of what she might see. For some time there was absolute silence—a silence which was somehow worse than the noise of the roars. Where was the tiger? What was he doing?

AT LAST—when Jeanie felt that if she had to go on with this another five minutes, she'd faint—there came another roar.

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But, thankfully, it was further away. And immediately following it she heard a knock on the door. That must be John. With a cry of joy she ran to the door and opened it.

But it wasn't John. It was Grainger.

"Oh," Jeanie said, "I thought it was—" "Sorry, if you're disappointed," Kenneth Grainger said dryly. "I've been trying to get a shot at that tiger. Mind if I have a drink?"

"Of course not. You look all in."

"I've been after that tiger you heard for two nights. I've got to get him. All this," he waved an arm towards the huts in the distance, "is my fault. I should have let John get him into the pits instead of scaring him away by shots that day." Jeanie handed him a drink. "Where's Foster?" he asked as he took a deep swallow.

"At the village. Attending the sick natives," Jeanie answered.

"Him," Grainger said slowly. "Not exactly sporting of him, to leave you here alone." He laughed. "But, never mind, I'll be around. I'll look after you."

Jeanie stared at him, a worried frown on her face. "But you can't stay here," she said. "But I'm all in, Jeanie. Dead on my feet."

"If you stay here it'll mean trouble—and you've made enough trouble for me already. I should think you'd realize it," Jeanie said.

He got up, came over to her. Put his glass down on the table. "If he doesn't trust you more than that, Jeanie, why do you care?"

That look was in his eyes again. She shrank away from him yet tried to keep some of her dignity. "Will you please go?" she said. Was he going to stay here, against her wishes? Her heart was beating fast. If he did—and John discovered them—

Grainger was looking down at her now, a different expression on his face. Suddenly he nodded his head. "You are right, Jeanie," he said at last. "You have changed." He paused. "I don't think I ever really quite knew you before—and I rather like finding that out."

The words surprised Jeanie—surprised and pleased her. "Thanks," she murmured gratefully.

"Now can we be friends?" he asked.

Jeanie nodded. "I hope so," she said.

He smiled. "Goodnight, Jeanie." He turned and walked to the door. There, he turned back for a moment. "Just in case you might not trust me," he said. "This door locks from the inside. I'm going to sleep on the porch." Then, with a final smile, he went out.

What little sleep Jeanie got that night was fitful. Not because of Grainger on the porch outside but because of John. He was killing himself for those natives. Wearing himself out. He'd get the fever too if he kept up his sleepless vigil.

She awoke with a sudden start. Some instinct made her jump out of bed. She felt that something was wrong with John. She went to the window and, looking out, suddenly let out a scream of horror. John was down below. Before him stood a tiger, ready to spring. Even in her lack of knowledge of tigers, Jeanie knew there was nothing he could do. It was too far to run for the gate of the compound. And if he made the slightest move that tiger would spring—

Jeanie stood at that window, her heart hardly beating. Hours seemed to go by. John never moved—stared at the beast as though hypnotized. Only the tiger seemed to draw itself into a movement to spring. As if far away—even though the noise was loud—Jeanie heard the horses stampeding in the corral. They caught the tiger's scent. Almost unconsciously she realized that the noise the horses made must have awakened her.

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she rushed to the hut where John was still tending the sick. The village was full of natives gathering their belongings for the trek to Cha Kum.

SHE found him in one of the huts. "John!" she gasped. "Bongai told me you were sick! I had to come." She tugged at his sleeve. "And John, Grainger has fallen into the pit you dug to trap the tiger. His arm is broken. The tiger will get him. You must save him—"

He turned to her. His face was colder than she'd ever seen it. And his eyes—they were bright with fever. Bongai had been right. John was sick. And, not only sick, he looked half mad!

"So he's in the pit, eh?" he said slowly, a cruel smile curving his lips. "Well, let him stay there."

"John, you can't do that! You're murdering him!"

"You want him to live, don't you?" John said, his voice rising like an insane person's. "You want him to live—so that he can go away with you. Well, I say let him stay in the pit!"

At that moment came the snarl of a tiger. Jeanie, white with terror, shook her husband. "John! You must!"

The snarl came again. Then came a revolver shot. And then a tiger's roar. And another. John, his face a mask, strode from the hut. His gun was outside. He picked it up. The tiger was about to spring into the pit. John raised his gun and fired. The tiger rolled over. And John, suddenly and without warning, slumped onto the ground in a faint of exhaustion and illness.

They got him to the hospital. And Jeanie was there every minute. She still loved him. She couldn't help it. She always would. She'd nurse him until he was well. Then, before he discovered she had nursed him, she'd leave. He didn't want her. She wouldn't stay. But she'd always love him.

After three days he began to come back rapidly. The doctor said that during that day his reason would return. That he'd be out of the unconscious coma in which he'd been so long.

Hearing this news, Jeanie nodded. "In that case I'm leaving," she said to the doctor.

"Leaving?" he repeated surprised. "But Mrs. Foster—"

Jeanie smiled at him. "He doesn't want me," she said in a low voice. "He never did, really."

And, as if she had not suffered enough, when Jeanie left the hospital she almost ran into Mary Trevor coming in! Well, what did it matter now? She was going out of John's life. Mary Trevor could have him. Anyone could have him.

Grainger was waiting for her on the boat. In a few minutes they would sail. Grainger wanted her to get a divorce and marry him. But she knew she never would. She couldn't somehow. Silly of her, perhaps, but there it was.

Grainger stood with her on deck. "It's going to be perfect," he was saying. "You and me, Jeanie. Together—always."

Suddenly Jeanie started forward. John—her John—was coming up the gangplank. He looked terribly pale. Looked as if he were about to collapse.

He saw them and rushed up. "Jeanie! I had to come. You can't leave without me. I can't go on living without you—I know it now."

Grainger stepped forward, his face red with anger.

"You had your chance!" he said angrily. "And muffed it—now it's my turn."

"I thought you'd been nursing me," John went on, ignoring the other man. "I felt it

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deep down inside. And when Mary Trevor came—" He suddenly laughed. "She tried to make me believe you'd left me because you wanted to leave me." He caught her hand. "But I wouldn't believe it, Jeanie. I know Mary. She's jealous. She's been after me for ages. She's a lonely wife—"

He staggered forward as if he were going to faint. It was clear that the effort of coming to the ship had weakened him considerably. Jeanie turned to Grainger. "Quick, get Dr. Collins from the hospital. John's still terribly sick."

John shook his head. "No, don't get him. I'm going to stay on board. I'll be all right —if I know that you'll come back to England with me. That's all I need to make me well. Tell me that, Jeanie."

For a moment Jeanie didn't reply. She was looking at Grainger. He had his cynical smile on his face once more. "Anyone can see you love him," he whispered. He grinned then. "I'm a good loser, Jeanie. Tell the steward to put him in my cabin. I've decided the teak wood country simply can't do without me for awhile. And, with a smile of understanding, he turned and walked down the gangplank."

The siren of the boat let out three short blasts. The gang plank was about to be drawn up.

Jeanie drew John over to the rail. "You're going with me, Jeanie?" He asked anxiously.

The boat began to move. Jeanie nodded slowly. "No more Mandalay. No more cafés. No more jungle. No more tigers. "England," she said softly. "England—with you, John."

TABLOID TIPS

ERROL FLYNN



Errol Flynn was born June 20, 1909 . . . Educated in Paris and London . . . Had no ambitions for the stage . . . His father

was professor of biology at Queens University, Belfast, and also Cambridge . . . Errol is direct descendant of Fletcher Christian, he who led the famous mutiny on the *Bounty* . . . After leaving school Errol bought a boat and fished for pearls off Tahiti . . . Later prospected in New Guinea for gold . . . Today he wears a thin gold chain given him by a dining missionary in the interior of New Guinea . . . Is his only good luck charm . . . Another souvenir collected in New Guinea is a scar on his chin bone, the mark left by a poisoned arrow . . . Thought he was on the way to fortune when he bought a coast-wise schooner and put it into inter-island freight service . . . Boat struck a coral reef and sank . . . No insurance . . . Returned to England and sought parts on the stage . . . Appeared in London and stock companies through the provinces . . . His big opportunity came when Irving Asher, Warner Bros. branch company, saw him on the stage and signed him to a Hollywood contract . . . Met Lili Damitt on boat over from England . . . Married her shortly after . . . Following his success in *Captain Blood* is definitely slated for more big productions . . . His literary tendencies and is now completing a book on his adventures . . . Has traveled on every continent and all over the East . . . Speaks Chinese and South Sea dialects . . . Says he will go back to gold prospecting in New Guinea if he ever gives up the screen.



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Alan would deny it. He would say some simple word that would make the chairs and pictures and all the dear furnishings of home look familiar again instead of suddenly threatening, grotesque.

"What sort of business could I have in that part of town?" Alan was saying. "No, my dear Eloise you must have been mistaken—or perhaps I have a double."

He was standing there just a few feet away from her. She could have reached out and touched him, and he was a thousand miles away. The stem of the sherry glass snapped in Helen's fingers. Could Alan be lying? Through the whirling of her world she heard at an immense distance Bunny's voice, bantering. "The plot thickens! Now we have a witness who saw the suspected on Mallet Street. You see, old man, how easily people can be mistaken. And when a man's life hangs on our human habit—well, you don't you give that poor little rabbit a chance tomorrow?"

GOOD little Bunny. He was standing beside her now offering her his arm. They were going out into the dining room to eat dinner, in the wreckage of the world. He felt the chill of her fingers through his sleeve. "Steady on, Helen," he murmured. "Stout fella, what? Don't think what you're thinking. Not about Alan."

She lifted her head proudly. Whatever the reason Alan might have had for being on that street it was not a sordid affair with an old flame. He had not gone from her arms to another woman's. She would have staked her life on that, because if she lost there would be no reason for living. She heard her voice through the interminable succession of food and more food, laughing gaily, answering the remarks of her guests, talking about cricket, and polo and the opera as though she stood off and regarded a stranger, dressed in her beautiful ice blue gown, sitting at the head of her gracious table. And looking down the flowers and glass and silver at another stranger, a handsome, genial man whom she had never seen before.

After dinner cards, endless cards slipping through well kept, jeweled fingers with the maddening deliberation of a slow motion picture. Two no trumps. I doable. I pass. No, I hadn't heard. Yes, isn't it? Helen's eyes strained passionately toward a beloved dark head in the library beyond with Bunny and General Lawrence. Would this interminable evening ever end? Had Alan fled when he said that he had not been on Mallet Street, or was it his moment's hesitation in answering Eloise, his air of not expecting to be believed that made the truth sound like a lie, even as the wretched little clerk Metford's blunderings made his story sound ridiculous?

"Alan's new appointment will be certain after this case," Lady Hathaway was saying. "I wouldn't miss attending court tomorrow for worlds. It's as good as a play! Why haven't you been to hear your brilliant husband, my dear?"

Cards, silly glittering bits of pasteboard. The queen of diamonds. The ace of spades. "Perhaps I will be there tomorrow," Helen heard herself saying. Would the plan that Bunny had unfolded to her under cover of one of Lord Hathaway's funny stories at the table succeed?

"Listen, Helen," he had murmured through his colorless mustache. "I've been kidding Alan about his bandaged hand and his unexplained absence from the christening. Maybe you saw how funny he looked when Eloise spoke of seeing him on Mallet Street? If I can show him that he himself might have difficulty of proving his whereabouts from

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tive to six this afternoon, perhaps I can shake his faith in the circumstantial evidence he's piling up against poor Metford. After all, why not? Every man's got an unguarded hour in his life when he does things that would sound fantastic on the witness stand, and couldn't for the life of him dig up anybody to prove a perfectly true alibi."

What were they saying now in the other room? Alan had risen, was walking un- easily about. General Lawrence was staring at him curiously. Bunny was doing the talking, pointing his finger, scowling in ludicrous imitation of Alan's cross examination. Now the Scotland Yard chief was asking a question and Alan was shrugging his shoulders. Hope leaped high in Helen like a flame, then sank. No, no, it was no use. She knew proudly the streak of stubbornness that ran through Alan's nature. Bunny's game would do nothing to shake Alan's purpose to send the stammering clerk whom he believed guilty of pushing his wife over a Dover cliff to the gallows. Nothing but absolute proof of the man's innocence could stop him—or perhaps the desire to shield her from all ugliness as he had said that afternoon.

She quivered at the memory of his shaken voice, like a bride. Yes, he might even sacrifice Metford for her if she told him the truth tonight. "Am I going to let our dear love make us cowards?" she thought. (Diamonds are trumps. Your lead, Lady Halfway. Yes, the flowers in Kensington Gardens have been superb this spring. I pass. I make it three hearts.) "I can't tell him. It's my responsibility. He will be terribly hurt when I step into the witness box tomorrow. I shall have to tell the whole world about Diana Rogers and her letters, all the silly, sad, sordid business. It may lose him his appointment but it won't lose me his love. I would have little faith in it if I were afraid of that. I've got to save him from himself."

HER hands went to her breast, holding something close, protecting it mother- wise. Bunny, coming up, saw the gesture and covered the patient pain in his heart with bluffness. Long ago he had accepted his rôle in life, resignedly. After all the jester might stay near the queen! "You should have heard us tangle up your husband in crime," he chuckled. "His story is perfectly incredible. He hasn't even got a phantom witness to his whereabouts this afternoon from five to six. Says he went to his law- yers, sat in the anteroom for fifteen minutes without seeing a soul, then took a walk along the embankment to think something out. Won't tell what the something was. Won't tell what business he had with his lawyers. Won't tell what was in the mysterious letter he received this afternoon. Sticks to it that it was a nail hurt his hand though the General looked at the cut and says it looks more like a penknife slash to him! Now all we need is a crime and you'll be a beautiful widow, Helen."

Henderson stood in the doorway. "Tele- phone for the General," he intoned. "The Yard is calling."

Bunny gave a gasp of glee. "And there's the crime! A perfect case! If this proves to you, Mister-Attorney-General-to-Be that circumstantial evidence isn't to be relied on, the grateful public ought to raise a monu- ment to Metford on the Dover cliffs with a simple inscription—say, "Don't Push."

Helen scarcely heard him, scarcely knew when her guests began to go. She moved among them, smiling, saying the right things (So glad you could come. Yes I'll see you at the Burge-Jones'. A lovely christening. Beautiful weather.) but inwardly she stood apart in a quiet place of exaltation. Even

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Norma Jane Slider, New Albany, Ind.

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Caroline Oliver, Tallahassee, Florida

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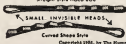
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he had called after her, "Mind the cliff, Annie! Don't fall!"

"He seemed anxious," she added quietly, "afraid for her safety. He called before he saw me. There is no doubt that that was the man I met. No doubt in my mind at all."

"But, Lady Dearden," the lawyer for the defense said strongly. "For ten days we have been hunting for a mysterious woman witness. If you claim to be that woman you must tell us what extraordinary chance led you, the wife of the Crown prosecutor to be on top of a Dover cliff at eleven o'clock of a chilly March morning."

She had seen that look that met her eyes now everywhere she turned them, last night. That eager, hungry look of animals waiting the kill. But her voice was steady as she answered, smiling gently into Alan Dearden's stony face. "Certainly I will tell you why I was there. I had an appointment with a man—a blackmailer I believe you would call him. I was to throw a black satchel containing two thousand pounds from the cliff at exactly eleven-fifteen that morning."

In the breathless hush, as if held breaths, he hurled another question at her. She clutched the rail with such a painful intensity that her gloves were split along their backs. "The money was for letters," she answered. "Love-letters written by my husband to a woman named Diana Rogers ten years ago. I wanted—" she met Alan's eyes, the brave woman-soul looking from her own—"I wanted to save him from the pain of knowing I knew. He might always have thought that I cared. I was afraid I could not make him understand that the letters were of no more importance to me than the oak leaves under which I found them hidden."

The words faltered. Into the stillness of the room had come the raucous cry of the newshoys, "*Murdered Woman Was Diana Rogers. Mallet Street Victim Identified.*"

As Helen swayed an arm was about her shoulders. Bunny's arm, leading her from the witness box. To Bunny she said in a small stricken voice. "What have I done?" then answered her own question with a cry as Alan Dearden came into the anteroom followed by the chief of Scotland Yard, two grim faced hobbies and a wild eyed iron of reporters. "Alan! My dearest dear! I have put a rope around your neck with my own hand!"

"No, no. I was the one," Bunny croaked. "That damn fool game I tried on Alan last night! I put the General onto him. Showing up the weakness of his alibi. I'd have cut off my right hand rather than have dragged you into this mess."

Alan Dearden put his arm about his wife, smiling down at her quietly. "It was brave of you to handle that blackguard alone, brave of you to come here today. Now I'm going to ask you to be braver still, Helen. I'm going to save the General here the pain of arresting me for the murder of Diana Rogers by voluntarily confessing it!"

He glanced at the clock. "There will be just time for the afternoon papers to carry the story. Diana had threatened me. I received a letter from her yesterday. I went to her apartment to talk with her. It was dark and she rushed at me with a knife, evidently mistaking me for someone with whom she had been quarreling. 'You've come back, have you?' she shouted and stabbed at me, cutting my hand. I choked her off in self defense. Have you got that down?"

He might have been talking to a social gathering in his own drawing room. His calm stilled them all. Helen, leaning against his strong arm heard the incredible words he spoke as though they were lines in a play, without concern to her. She even



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"—Er, she had some letters written to her by Mr. Dearden. She was enraged that I would not join her in a blackmail plot against Mr. Dearden. It seems she had successfully worked such a plot against Mrs. Dearden with part of the letters. She had the aid of a man called Glover, or some such name. I never met him."

"Continue," ordered the General.

"Well, I can imagine that Dearden had to defend himself when he entered the house, shades down as they were. She was like a tiger cat when aroused and had already threatened me with a knife—"

"Now! Now!" a voice in Helen's brain dinged at her, as she saw and heard Lewis put his feet on the path Alan had skillfully built for him by his own clever confession. Then she got to her feet.

"General Lawrence," she said clearly, "what this man has said is not true. Lewis is the man I paid the two thousand pounds to. Not any Mr. Glover. Lewis is the man who delivered the letters to me that day on the cliff."

Lewis's teeth bared viciously under the accusing finger of Helen. He was an animal at bay.

And Alan jumped up. "Why have you your gloves on, Lewis? Is it possible that your hand is cut too—that the length of the cut would coincide with the bloody mark on Diana Rogers' neck?"

"It might, you know," he went on—*because Diana Rogers was already dead when I called at her flat.*

General Lawrence had already grabbed the wild-eyed Lewis' arm, peeled back the glove on his right hand—and there revealed was a two-inch long cut.

"A trick, eh?" panted Lewis. "A trick to get me here—that confession of yours. Well, it didn't work."

He whirled for the partly opened door, one hand fumbling for a gun in his side pocket. But he didn't reach the door before it was filled by two burly constables, guns in hand.

"YES," Alan explained that night, Helen beside him on the divan, Bunny taking his ease with whisky and soda, "I did go to see Diana Rogers. I had a note just before the christening, asking me to call at five-thirty. I went a bit early, anxious to get the business over because I knew she wanted me to buy some foolish letters I had written her years before."

"And when you got there she was already dead," supplied Bunny, and you were fearful of notifying the authorities, for fear of what the publicity would do to the Attorney Generalship, so wandered about much as you told us."

"Right," admitted Alan. "I did cut my hand in a taxi, and by so doing I created my own unguarded hour."

"Helen's description of the blackmailer that she gave the newspapers to tell Lewis' fears was a stroke of genius," Bunny said presently. "My genius. Sometimes my own cleverness frightens me. I told her to tell the newspaper Johnnies the blackmailer was an insignificant little man with a sandy mustache and thinning hair—" He uttered an exclamation, staring into the mirror opposite. "Great heavens! I was describing myself and didn't know it!"

Helen and Alan did not answer him, and turning to look at them he saw that they had not heard. Lost they were in some far heaven of their own which he could not share. The light on their faces was not from the fire, and because he had no right to look on it Bunny tiptoed away and left them inside the magic circle which had only room for two out of the whole world.

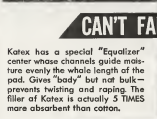
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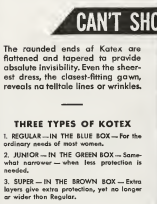
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In *Under Two Flags*, more than in any previous picture, Claudette has a dangerous feminine competitor. Usually, two men (or more) are battling for the affections of Claudette. In this picture, she and another girl are battling, unaware of each other, for the love of one man—Colman. The other girl is played by Rosalind Russell, behind whose entry into the picture there is an amusing story.

Rosalind, for some time, has made no secret of the fact that she is tired of playing "hot-house orchids in a field of wild flowers." She has been pleading for a chance to play a more primitive brand of femininity. Recently, when Director Frank Lloyd was at M-G-M, making *Mutiny on the Bounty*, she mentioned her ambition to him—and he promised to try to help her. But when he arrived at 20th Century-Fox to make *Under Two Flags*, dramatizing the beauty and brutality of the Algerian desert, and discovered that he needed a sensitive, cultured girl for his hero to idealize—he sent for Rosalind. She threw up her hands and said something that sounded like, "The same old part!" But her discouragement was short lived. For the rôle is the most romantic that she has had. It is almost as large as Claudette's, even though it is not as dramatic.

She plays *Venetia Cairo*, niece of the British Commissioner and a member of Captain Menzies' party, which has preceded the Commissioner to Saïda. The Commandant, anxious to impress upon her that he has the best fighting men in the Legion, takes her on a tour of the barracks. They come into the dormitory in the heat of mid-afternoon when the men, off duty, are trying to relax, to forget the heat. Victor, just promoted to the rank of Sergeant, (to the dismay of Cigarette, who has tried to make the Commandant demote him), is occupied in patting the finishing touches on a delicate carving of a fine hunting horse. It is the image of a horse he once had owned. He has carved it from memory, and on the bottom he scratches the name, "Forest King."

VENETIA, passing down the line of men, is instantly fascinated—as was Cigarette—by the face of this one man. She senses that he is different from the rest. She picks up the carving he has made. "A perfect model of an English thoroughbred hunter," she says quietly, as to an equal. She leans at him, trying to appraise him, to picture his past. "It might have been carved from memory. I think it's lovely." Later, Victor admits to his pal and ex-manservant, Rake, that his meeting with Venetia has affected him deeply, brought back buried memories of the past.

The second meeting of Victor and Cigarette takes place in a colorful setting—an Arab market place outside Saïda. Victor, who knows Arabic, is there in the hope of picking up stray news of an army forming. And there he sees Captain Menzies purchasing horses, with Cigarette "helping" him. To Victor's amazement, it soon becomes apparent that she is really in league with the Arab horse traders, for one horse, after a change of equipment, has been sold to Menzies as the twin of one he has just bought. It is trotted out again with still different equipment and, with Cigarette's persuasion, it is purchased a third time. Finally, the same horse is brought out a fourth time, alongside a black horse. Victor, amused, steps up, tips his cap to the suspicious Cigarette, offers to help Menzies. The Captain favors the black horse, Victor, the bay. Cigarette is furious.

"There's one way to prove the black is best," she says. "I will ride him and the native boy shall ride the bay. We will race!"

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grounds. She thanks him for showing her Africa; he says that that was not Africa—that Africa is out in the desert, at the Maibow oasis. She laughs, says that he is tempting her again, but goes inside. In parting, they almost kiss. He rides out to the oasis alone, remains there some time, and is about to start back when Venetia appears. And there, in the romantic ruins of an old monastery, under a desert moon, they spend the night, confess their love. She does not know who he really is, or what his past is—and does not care. She loves him. And he, though he may never be able to claim her for his own and though the future may seem endless after this one night, abandons himself to his love for her. (You will remember this scene—one of the most idyllic love scenes ever filmed!)

In the meantime, the Commandant is in an agony of jealousy. He has heard of the "bet" between Victor and Cigarette, knows of Victor's pursuit of her into the desert and the long time before they returned. He can learn nothing else. Finally, in desperation, he goes to Cigarette's cafe. She has given up hope of Victor's coming and is crying her heart out. And she makes no pretense of being happy to see the Commandant, who cannot understand and is doubly tortured now.

The next night, the body of a murdered Arab chieftain, who has made a pact with the French and English, is tossed by horsemen at the gate of the hotel. It is the signal of war, an Arab uprising. Immediately, the soldiers receive orders to rush to Ain Seira, in the desert, in a desperate attempt to prevent the juncture of three Arab tribes. Victor, meanwhile, is frantically upset by the news that the British Commissioner, who has just arrived, is Lord Seraph. Victor knows him from the past and decides that, at all costs, he must get back his telltale carving from Venetia. He rushes to the hotel, bumps into Cigarette on the way, promises to see her before he leaves. He is with Venetia for only a moment, during which she promises to wait for him forever, before Lord Seraph knocks on her door and Victor has to leave—without the carving. On her balcony, they kiss farewell. Cigarette sees them. Heart-broken, she makes no effort to stop him as he runs past her. She stumbles back to the cafe, blindly.

THE Commandant, promoted to Colonel for his expedition, goes to the cafe, inflated with pride, convinced now that Cigarette will marry him when he returns. She is in tears, in misery. She cannot even pretend to be happy. He accuses her of thinking of the Sergeant. She says, "Yes—I love him."

Later, obsessed with the idea that this Sergeant has stolen his girl, the Colonel determines on a bitter revenge. If he cannot have Cigarette, neither will Victor have her. He will see that Victor is killed first. At Ain Seira, he sends Victor on a dangerous mission to a small, isolated fort in the desert. Victor loses many men, but returns. He is sent a second time—a third time. He is convinced now that the Colonel wants his death, does not understand why, fatalistically decides that death would put an end to the problem of his past and his reason for enlistment.

This time, he and his men are attacked by an overwhelming force of Arabs. It is only a matter of a day or two at most until the fort must fall, the last man die. The Colonel knows of their plight, stubbornly refuses to go to their rescue—until a courier breaks through with an ironic message from Victor. "The had penny will not return this time." The Colonel likes the courage of the insult.

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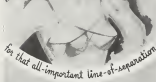
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He orders his men to move up and aid Victor.

Meanwhile, from one of the wounded straggling back into Saida, Cigarette learns that the Colonel is trying to have Victor killed. Venetia, who has also heard, asks her if she knows Sergeant Victor. (Venetia has now learned who he really is. His carving has identified him.)

"I love him," Cigarette says, passionately. "And he would have been mine, if you had not come. He does not belong with your kind. He is of the Legion. He is my kind. Would you follow them into the desert as I have done? Would you march with them, nurse them, bind up their broken limbs? I have even shot the wounded to keep the Arabs from taking them alive. You could not do that! You do not belong here. I do — and Sergeant Victor is mine! And I could save him, too—in a way a fine lady like you would not understand. But why should I save him—for you?"²²²

Then Carrette can not bear to think of Victor dead. She decides to try to make the Colonel countermand his murderous order. On a last horse, she sets out for Ain Seïda. Arriving there, she finds that the Chasseurs have ridden out to the fort. Pell mell, she follows them. Far in the distance, she hears the sound of a battle. She dismounts, creeps to the top of a sand-dune, sees the Chasseurs in front of the fort, caught in a trap, entirely surrounded by thousands of Arabs. She remounts her tired horse, urges it back over the route she has traveled, to try to bring reinforcements—before it is too late.

Darkness spreads over the desert. The battle ceases. The surviving Chasseurs break through to the temporary shelter of the fort. There are only fifty-five of the left; they cannot last long, unless relief arrives. The Colonel has it out with Victor, discovers to his amazement that Victor does not love Cigarette, but Venetia. During the night Victor steals out on the battlefield, does a dead Arab's garment, and gets into the Arab camp. He is brought before the chieftain, who once went to Oxford and has a healthy respect for the British. Victor tells him that British troops are on the way to aid the French, asks him to send out scouts if he does not believe him. The chieftain promises that if Victor is lying, he will die in torture.

The few hours that he gains for his forces with this trick are enough. Over the morning horizon come reinforcements, hurried there by Cigarette, who is riding in the front rank as they charge the surprised Arabs. She is struck by a shot, topples from her horse—almost at Victor's feet. He rushes to pick her up. Her eyes shine at the sight of him, alive. She begs him not to move her.

In broken gasps, she tells him: "No—no higher . . . I have seen so many men—die—I know—what this is. You can't do anything" She stops, struggling for the breath to continue. "There is something I must say. She said—your English lady—that if I love you—I would save you. Tell her—I tried."

She opens her eyes, her lips have the whisper of a smile. "It is so—funny. When I waited for you—you did not come. Now you have come—and I—must go away."

Half-deliriously, she sings weakly a bar of the song she had sung in the desert. Victor's eyes fill with tears,

"You will remember—that day—in the desert?"

Victor struggles painfully to speak. "I will always remember."

Weakly, Cigarette asks: "Shall we bet just once more?"

Their lips meet gently. She lifts her hand to his wet cheek. With a swallow she

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pers five last words: "One little—tear—for Cigarette."

That is the most affecting scene that Claudette Colbert has ever made. She admits as much, herself. And it is no exaggeration to say that the camera crew lived that scene with Colman—with lumps in their throats. There was silence for a long moment after it was over. There can be no greater tribute from fellow movie-makers.

THE rôle of Cigarette will do great things for Claudette—who is already the most valuable of all feminine stars. "Being French by inheritance, though I am an American now," she says, "I felt as if I understood this great-hearted little gamin who was the sweetheart of the whole Foreign Legion when she wanted to be the sweetheart of but one man. I am glad that I departed from a rôle of five years to play a French girl—but this doesn't mean that I'll play another. Not me. I'm too fond of skirmishing about the dramatic hedges. I want novelty in my rôles."

And, coming so soon after his triumph in *A Tale of Two Cities*, this picture will insure Ronald Colman's popularity for years to come. For in *Under Two Flags* he has much of the careless courage that he portrayed as Sidney Carton, as well as the quiet fatalism and idealism—and is a far more romantic figure. Inevitably, those who remember him in *Beau Geste* will compare his performance in that earlier epic of the Foreign Legion with his performance in *Under Two Flags*—and will decide that he has grown immeasurably in dramatic stature.

Victor McLaglen also was in *Beau Geste*, and he and Ronnie spent hours digging up reminiscences of that earlier trek into the desert, eleven years ago. Vic also made another famous Foreign Legion picture, *The Lost Patrol*, and he took delight in telling of the difficulties encountered in making both of those pictures—difficulties that were largely erased in the filming of *Under Two Flags*. "Live and learn," says Vic.

When the company went on location on the sand dunes near Yuma, Claudette intended to live in the tent city that 20th Century-Fox erected near the main road. But when she found a scorpion in her tent on the first day, she suddenly changed her mind. She stayed at the small hotel in Yuma, driving back and forth in a big company car—and her stand-in, hairdresser and wardrobe woman went with her. They were the only women on the location trip, aside from the script girl. It was not necessary for Rosalind Russell to take the trip to the sand dunes—though she nearly went alone anyway, just for fun. The Yuma hotel in which Claudette stayed, by the way, is only two blocks from the home of "the marrying justice," Judge Freeman, who put the seal on her elopement with Dr. Pressman.

COLMAN and McLaglen stayed in the tent city and, except for the fact that they had tents to themselves, shared the lives of the extras and camera crew. The camp had heat, electricity, running water, tents with wooden floors and screened windows, de luxe meals—all the comforts of civilization in a sandy wasteland. It also had army discipline. At 4:30 A. M., a bugle call shattered the quiet of the camp; a half-hour later breakfast was served, and at 5:30 sharp the trek over the sand dunes to the scene of shooting began. (The early morning light was the best for filming, which explains the early rising. And was that an A. M. air invigorating!) There were no rules about retiring, but, as Director Lloyd said, "No one could stay awake past nine o'clock at

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The Law in Her Hands

[Continued from page 25]

have given it all up for him. But he wouldn't admit it!

"You must excuse me," she said. "One of my clients—a very important client, Mr. Owen Gordon, is waiting to see me."

She picked up some papers. Bob, taking his cue, departed. A few moments later Owen Gordon came briskly into the room.

"Hey, Mary," he said, his voice excited. "I'm worried about that Garrity case. I don't see what you can do to get him off—"

Mary looked up. "Don't worry," her voice was weary. "I'll get him off."

Gordon looked at her with sharp eyes. "What's the matter?" He asked abruptly. "You look as if you'd—" he paused, a cunning look coming into his face. "Had a row with that Mitchell guy, eh?" He was sneering now. "I've been suspecting for a long time that you were goofy about him. All I can say is that why the hell don't you pick out—"

"Speaking of the Garrity case!" Mary said. Her voice cut over the racketeer's warning. "You want him to get off, don't you?"

Owen Gordon's expression changed to something very near meekness. No use getting the gal riled up at a time like this.

"Sure, I do," he said. "Tell me the low-down about it—"

MARY'S solution of the Garrity case was simple. Garrity, one of Gordon's henchmen, had found it necessary to kill a man during the pursuit of his duties for Gordon. It looked bad for Garrity. Bob Mitchell was sure that he'd get a conviction. Mary was equally sure that he wouldn't.

Garrity had no family—or, if he did, they had certainly forgotten—and gladly—that Garrity had ever existed. This did not daunt Mary. She had Dot find an old lady to testify that her son—Garrity—had always been a good boy and that he was her sole support. The old woman had wept tears in court—with the help of an onion.

The old-timers in the court smiled quietly when they saw the act. They felt that Mary would never get away with such an old ruse. Bob Mitchell, particularly, was sure of it.

Mary herself wept as she summed up the case. At least some of the jury were moved. Certainly one member. To such an extent that no verdict could be reached because the jury disagreed.

And Mary, hearing the verdict, smiled to herself. Turning to Eddie, the process server who was always on hand to do certain little odd jobs, she handed him an envelope. "Give this to the ninth juror," she whispered. Eddie nodded and smiled. It was not the first juror she had bought off.

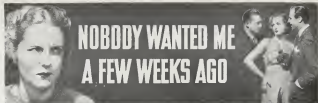
That evening Mr. Robert Mitchell called on Miss Mary Wentworth again. As always, Mary's heart raced when she saw him. Her manner, however, was cool and sophisticated.

"I was in the neighborhood," Bob began a little awkwardly. "And I was wondering—if I promised not to preach—whether you'd go dancing with me."

Mary was looking at him, a slight smile curving her lovely lips.

"Oh, I thought you'd come to congratulate me—on the Garrity case," she said meaningly.

He flushed at that. "We'd better not discuss that. Will you go dancing with me?"



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said to be careful," the henchman went on. "Well, they've got Herman. And if they make him talk it will be just too bad."

"Shut up!" Gordon said savagely. He turned to Mary. "Come on, we've gotta get Herman out of jail before they make him talk." He got up. Mary didn't move. "Come on," he said sharply. "What the hell—step on it!"

Mary gripped the side of the table. "I'm not going!" Her voice was low but determined.

"Oh yeah?" The racketeer's voice had a dangerous edge to it. "Quitting on me, eh?"

Mary was white. She stared at the gangster. "Call it what you like. I've handled a lot of your dirty work because I felt that if I didn't some other lawyer would. But there's a limit. Poisoned milk is not in my line. You can have your retainer fee. I'm through."

A few minutes later Mary left the club—alone. With a determined line around her mouth she went straight to Bob's office. He seemed surprised to see her.

"Oh, Bob, I'm so glad I found you. I want to talk about Gordon—"

"Why, talk to me about him?" Bob said meaningfully. "You'd better be spending your time figuring out a defense for him. He'll need it."

"But, Bob—! I'm not going to defend him. Not this time!" Her voice was strained, her manner agitated.

Bob smiled coolly. "Nice piece of acting, Miss Westworth, but you aren't fooling me. You've come here as a trick. But whatever it is it won't work."

Mary's mouth twisted up agonizingly. He didn't believe her! She wanted to cry. "Bob!" She caught his arm. "I'm not lying. Please." She shook her head from side to side. She got up. His expression was wooden. "All right, Bob—" her voice was choked. "Don't believe me. But for God's sake don't let those witnesses you have out of your sight. If you want to convict Gordon!"

With that she stumbled from the office.

GORDON was arrested that afternoon. With the two witnesses lined up against him he was in a tough spot. Mary, walking restlessly up and down her apartment, told Dot so.

"I'm worried, Dot," she said. "Worried as the devil. There's no telling what Gordon will do. They've released him on bail and he'll stop at nothing, I tell you."

"Well, anyway," Dot pointed out. "You're out of it. It's not your affair."

"Yes, but—" Mary didn't say anything more. She had a premonition.

The morning papers confirmed her worst fears. While leaving the Criminal Courts building in an automobile, the District Attorney and the two witnesses in the Gordon case had been murdered! Mary gasped.

Murdered! Good God—!

She read on tremblingly. She knew Bob had been in the car, too. Yes, here it was. The Assistant District Attorney had been injured—was now in the Blossom Hospital. He had seen the murderers. They had been in a black touring. He could positively identify Oweny Gordon as the man who'd fired the fatal shots—

Mary trembled in frantic hurry. Her face was deathly white. Her hands were trembling. Bob was injured. Was in the hospital.

She went there at once. She stopped short in the doorway, her heart turning over and over, as she saw him in bed—his head covered in bandages.

"Bob!" Her eyes were dilating. "I just heard. I came at once. Oh, Bob, how badly hurt are you—?"

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For a moment Bob did not speak. Then at last, he said, “Thanks.” His voice was weak but very cool. He even tried to laugh. “You told me to keep those witnesses near me. I did.” He laughed again—oh, so bitterly. “I should have guessed it was a trick—!”

“Bob!” Mary’s voice carried all the horror of what his words implied. “Bob, you don’t think—You’re not blaming me—”

“Almost as much as the man who fired the shots,” Bob said. He sneered. “But Gordon’s gone too far at last. This time we’ve got him.” He stopped. He was glaring at her. “And now,” he added, “do me a favor. Get out of here!”

Mary couldn’t speak. Turning, she somehow managed to get out of the room. As she walked dazedly down the steps of the hospital a hard-faced side siddled up and caught her arm.

“This way, Miss Wentworth. The boss wants you—!”

Mary looked up. At the curb was a car, motor running. The curtains were pulled down. But she could see Oweiny Gordon through the open door.

THE car drove at once to a hide-away outside the city limits. Oweiny was desperate. Mary had to do something to help him or else—

“You can kill me,” Mary insisted, her voice dull. “I’ll care—”

Oweiny had laughed at that. “What good would that do me,” he said. A crafty look came into his face. “No, mouthpiece, there’s only one way. Your friend Bob Mitchell will have to be fixed so he can’t talk. He’s the only witness—”

Horror filled Mary’s mind. She turned and looked helplessly at Gordon. “You mean you’d—kill him?” She knew the answer before he spoke.

“Something of the kind,” Gordon’s voice was low.

“Okay,” Mary said, he could hardly hear her voice. “Okay, I’ll do what—I can—”

The court room was crowded. Gordon, the whole city knew, had been turned over to the police—at Mary’s insistence to him. It was a clever move. Her last trick she told herself. He was arrested in an automobile on Fifth Avenue during a police parade. It was sensational. The papers gave it five columns. When they learned the trick she had up her sleeve—Well, Mary smiled bitterly to herself. She’d be disgraced. Disgraced. But she had to save Bob.

Bob himself was the only witness for the prosecution. During his testimony he never once glanced at Mary. He treated her as if she didn’t exist. How he hated her. She shuddered. He’d never love her again.

When it was Mary’s turn to present her case she made an announcement which electrified the court room.

“I will introduce but one witness,” she said in ringing tones. I will not even use my own claim in his own defense.” She paused significantly. “With your Honor’s permission I will ask three questions from the State’s star witness—from Mr. Robert Mitchell.”

There was a sudden dead silence. What was Mary Wentworth up to now? What brilliant trick was she about to penetrate? A huzz started to go through the room.

The judge rapped with his gavel. “You may question Mr. Mitchell.”

Bob, puzzled, took the stand. Some of the spectators wondered if Mary had gone crazy. What could she do?

Her voice came again now. “Mr. Mitchell, you testified under oath that you saw the man who fired the shots resulting in the

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"Well, maybe," demures Jean Arthur to Gary Cooper's entreaty in *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*

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"I'm not through," William Powell boasts to Myrna Loy, playing the part of Billie Burke in *The Great Ziegfeld*

MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN—AAAA—Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur ride the crest of a huge wave of grateful applause in this simply swell picture. Clarence Budington Kelland wrote the story from which the picture was produced, a fanciful comedy of a small town post card poet and tuba player, Gary Cooper. Gary inherits millions and goes to the city where a smart newspaper woman, Jean Arthur, exploits his unassuming nature to make newspaper headlines. A "don't miss."—*Columbia*.

THE GREAT ZIEGFELD—AAAA—William Powell, Myrna Loy and Luise Rainer head the cast of this three-hour special. Essentially the biography of the famous Florenz Ziegfeld, one of the most astounding figures Broadway has ever known, this picture, replete with beautiful music, stirring and eye filling scenes, is the best picture of its type ever filmed. Ziegfeld it was who "glorified" the American girl in his *Ziegfeld Follies*, who married Billie Burke and Anna Held. Everyone will enjoy it.—*M-G-M*.

PETTICOAT FEVER—AAA—Robert Montgomery is a wireless operator in Labrador and, unexpectedly, host to Myrna Loy and Reginald Owen when their plane lands near his station. Myrna is engaged to Owen, but this doesn't stop her from falling in love with Montgomery after much bickering. Events are complicated when Montgomery's fiancée lands unexpectedly and he inherits his uncle's title in England. All members of the cast do well in this novel picture. An all around delightful comedy romance.—*M-G-M*.

13 HOURS BY AIR—AAA—Fred MacMurray, as the airlines pilot who finds himself falling in love with one of his passengers (Joan Bennett) he suspects of being a jewel thief, has more than his hands full. He is faced with a snowstorm over the Rockies and a cargo of curious passengers, one of whom is determined the plane shall never reach its destination. There are thrills, comedy and romance in this fast moving picture which deals with the same situations as did *Grand Hotel*. That is, it concerns the fates of several people confined in a small area—this time an airplane.—*Paramount*.

THE SINGING KID—AAA—Al Jolson's best picture in a long time is this tuneful romance of Al as a famous Broadway entertainer who loses his voice and then his money and his girl to Lyle Talbot, Al's business manager. Al finds new romance

however, and the story is not as important here as is the music, dancing and singing. Claire Dodd plays one heart interest and Beverly Roberts the other. Little Sybil Jason turns in a grand performance and the crazy antics of the Yacht Club Boys will keep any audience hilariously entertained.—*Warner Bros.*

SMALL TOWN GIRL—AAA—Janet Gaynor and Robert Taylor are teamed in this romance which assures Miss Gaynor's return to stardom. She plays the part of a small town girl, so bored with her uneventful existence as to marry Robert Taylor, a stranger she met while returning from a football game. His parents are against the marriage, but agree appearances must be kept up for six months before a divorce will enable Bob to marry his former fiancée, Binnie Barnes. Excellently done and sure to entertain.—*M-G-M*.

THINGS TO COME—AAA—This English made picture produced under the personal direction of H. G. Wells, famous English author, is a revolutionary departure from accepted film channels. It endeavors to forecast possible world conditions from

the year 1940 to 2036, and features almost complete world destruction. Chemical warfare, revolutionary flying equipment and a political growth from our present government are pictured, as in a subterranean city. Photography and music are exceptional.—*London Films-U. A.*

ROBIN HOOD OF EL DORADO—AAA—Warner Baxter plays the part of Joaquín Murrieta, a Mexican driven from his lands by early California settlers. His revenge he turns bandit, and indeed, Joaquín Murrieta was a badman to be reckoned with. Ann Loring and Margo play the two loves in Baxter's career. Although the film is tragic, it is spirited entertainment built on an authentic background and delivered with zest from first to final moment. Bruce Cabot and Eric Linden are good.—*M-G-M*.

A MESSAGE TO GARCIA—AA—Wallace Beery's performance is outstanding in this thrill tinged melodrama developed from Elbert Hubbard's classic essay. John Boles, as Rowan, is given McKinley's famous message to Garcia. Boles falls in with Beery, who promises to lead him to his objective. Barbara Stanwyck, a Cuban martyr's daughter, accompanies the two men on their trip through dangerous jungles. Treachery, torture and fights intervene before the message finally reaches its destination.—*20th Century-Fox*.

SUTTER'S GOLD—AA—Edward Arnold and Bennie Barnes, fresh from triumph in *Diamond Jim*, fall under the mark set by the previous film in this picture built around John Sutter, the man upon whose land and gold was first discovered in California. Lee Tracy is another headliner in the cast, and while all members do the best possible with lines given them, the picture tends to drag. Jumping from Switzerland to New York to the Sandwich Islands to where California is today. Historically minded persons will enjoy this.—*Universal*.

EVERYBODY'S OLD MAN—AA½—Irvin S. Cobb turns actor very creditably in this story of a man who has spent the better part of his life canning food and fighting his business rival. As the nephew who revolutionizes the canning business when Cobb goes on his vacation, Norman Foster is good in the best rôle he has had for some time. Rochelle Hudson is beautiful and able. Michael Whalen, as Rochelle's brother, turns in a good job in a film never intended to be "epic." Cobb brings down the house with the line, "I don't like my face either."—*20th Century-Fox*.



Joan Blondell, Warner Bros. star, rests in the sun after finishing *Sons O' Guns* with Joe E. Brown

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